CHARLES PRESTON
NORTHFIELD NATIVE SON
WORLD WAR 1 HERO

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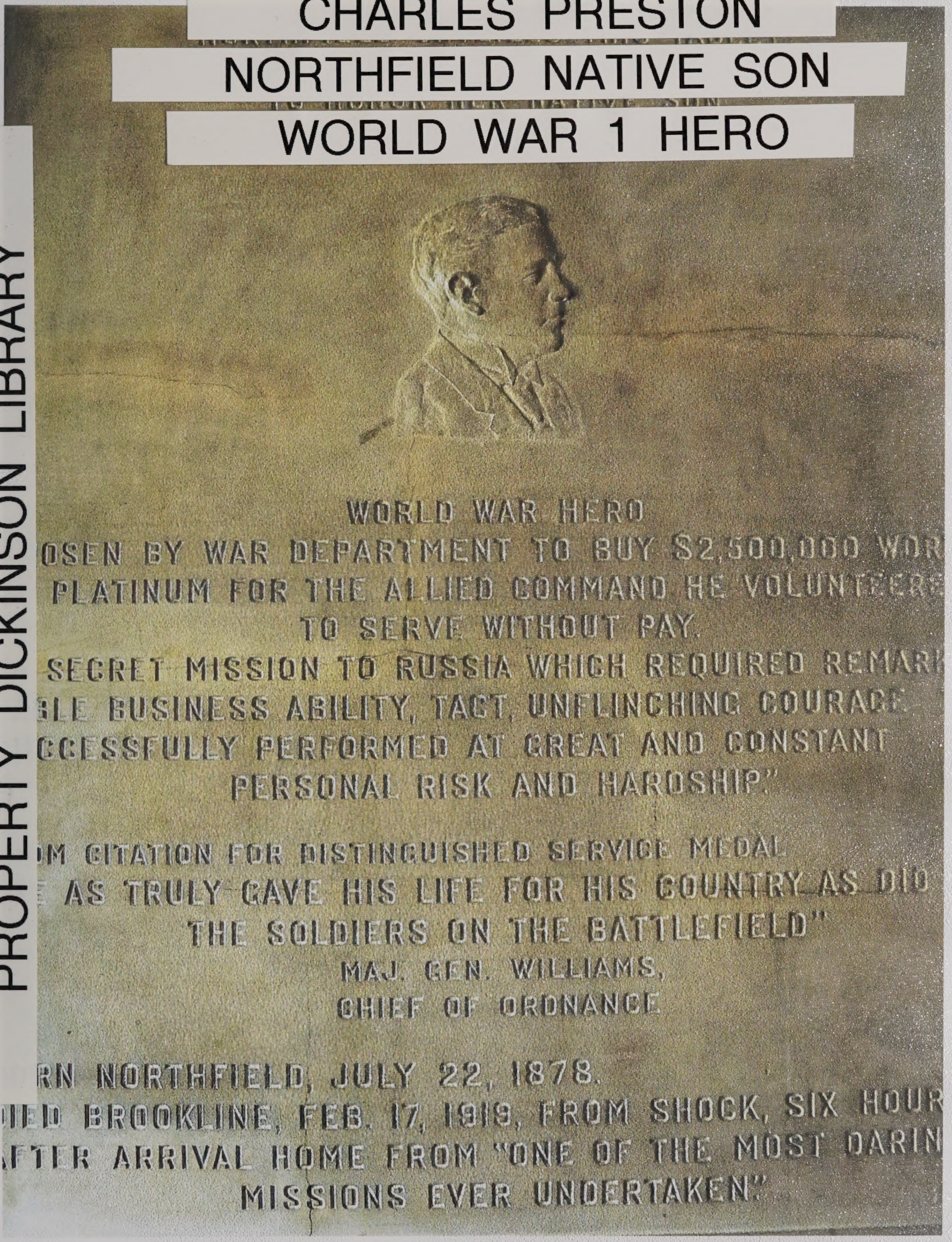

WORLD WAR HERO

OSEN BY WAR DEPARTMENT TO BUY $2,500,000 WOR
PLATINUM FOR THE ALLIED COMMAND HE VOLUNTEER
TO SERVE WITHOUT PAY.
SECRET MISSION TO RUSSIA WHICH REQUIRED REMAR
BLE BUSINESS ABILITY, TACT, UNFLINCHING COURAGE
CCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT GREAT AND CONSTANT
PERSONAL RISK AND HARDSHIP."

OM CITATION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL
AS TRULY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY AS DID
THE SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD"
MAJ. GEN. WILLIAMS,
CHIEF OF ORDNANCE

RN NORTHFIELD, JULY 22, 1878.
IED BROOKLINE, FEB. 17, 1919, FROM SHOCK, SIX HOUR
FTER ARRIVAL HOME FROM "ONE OF THE MOST DARIN
MISSIONS EVER UNDERTAKEN."

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1879—1929 FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY NORTHFIELD SEMINARY

The Northfield Schools

(INCORPORATED)

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL
FOUNDED 1881

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED 1879

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East Northfield, Massachusetts
June 1, 1929

Mrs. F. B. Caldwell, Custodian,
The Northfield Historical Society
East Northfield, Mass.

My dear Mrs. Caldwell:

You will recall that Mr. Harold C. Keith of Brockton very kindly offered to send us a copy of the "Diary of Charles Leroy Preston covering his Mission in Siberia May to December 1918," for the archives of the Northfield Historical Society.

He sent this diary to us some weeks ago, but, as Professor Duley and some others wanted to read it before it was handed over to the Society, it has been kept in my custody. I now hand it over to you for the Society.

I acknowledged it when it was received and thanked him for sending it to us. I would suggest, however, that the Society also send either him or Charles Preston's widow, or both, a note of thanks.

It is a very interesting document and one which the Society should be proud of having. As ever,

Sincerely yours,

Ambert G. Moody

AGM:EHS

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS TOWARD ENDOWMENT FUNDS ARE GREATLY NEEDED TO PUT THE WORK OF THE SCHOOLS ON A MORE PERMANENT FINANCIAL BASIS.

RTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIE
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Diary
of
Charles Leroy Preston
Covering his
Mission
in
Siberia
May to December 1918

01-407

#1.

A Trip into Siberia During the Fall of 1918.

Having arrived in Vladivostok about the first of May, while the city was still in the hands of the Bolsheviks, I succeeded in accomplishing a part of the assignment given me by the Ordnance Department, which I had volunteered to undertake, at the request of Gen. McRoberts, then Col. McRoberts.

Owing to it being impossible to buy sufficient quantities of a certain kind of material, which our Gov. desired to obtain under most positive instructions, I found it imperative to travel to the centre of Siberia, and if I was not successful at Irkutsk, nothing was left to do but continue to the Ural Mountains.

I had the good fortune to be invited, by Admiral Knight, to live on board the Flagship Brooklyn, during my stay, which made life bearable, because living in Vladivostok at a so called Hotel, was nearly impossible and the food question, in regard to cleanliness and method of serving etc, was equally bad in the various restaurants and it certainly was an unpurchasable luxury to live on the Brooklyn and have as many shower baths as one desired, regular meals, well cooked and properly served, the services of a well trained China Boy who looked out that all of your clothes were properly brushed and pressed and that your laundry was properly listed and promptly brought back.

Besides this I had the companionship of as fine a crowd of men as it would be possible to find any where you might travel.

I was received with the warmest kind of a welcome and was treated as an honored and welcomed guest. It is needless to say that I entered into the ship's life with the greatest of pleasure and was counted as one of the members in the pleasures and sorrows of the Officers Mess. I was considered as one of the Ship's company and was always referred to as being from the Brooklyn. In the Olympic Tennis Tournament, Lieut. Patterson, the Aide of Admiral Knight and I

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

entered from the Brooklyn and it was very gratifying to the officers and the crew that we succeeded in winning the Open Doubles and I was fortunate enough to win the Open Singles, both events being doubly worth winning as the officers of the British Cruiser Suffolk had been winning all the Tennis Prizes and considered themselves invincible.

On June 29th the Czecho- Slovaks took the city of Vladivostok away from the Bolsheviks with very little trouble, there being practically only one day's fighting in the city itself.

This activity on the part of the Czechs was the result of an order given by the Bolshevik Government, at that time in Petrograd that all Czecho- Slovaks should be disarmed and confined in prison camps. This order affected fully 75000 Czecho- Slovaks who were scattered all along the railway lines from Pensa in European Russia to Vladivostok on the far eastern coast. It was the result of the Germans, who in the meantime having finally gotten control of the heads of the Bolshevik movement in Russia, commenced to realize that the Czecho-Slovaks would be a decided asset to the Allies on the Western Front in France, so the Germans arranged that the Bolsheviks should have the Czechs disarmed and put in the various prison camps along the railways.

The Czechs were too well taught by bitter experience to be caught unawares and practically on the same date, June 29th they simply stopped where ever they were and did not wait for the Bolsheviks to start, but started themselves and were soon fairly well equipped with rifles and some rapid firing guns of various kinds.

They manufactured hand grenades holding charges of 1, 3 and 6 pounds of powder, which proved one of their most effective weapons, particularly suited to their impetuous attacks, where a few Czechs would either kill or capture many times their own number of the astonished and many time unprepared Bolsheviks, as the Czechs were constantly doing exactly the opposite of what

the Bolsheviks and German and Austrian War Prisoners expected that they would do.

Consequently many of the Surprised and the astounding successes the Czechs accomplished read like fairy tales and are almost unbelievable if one did not know that the stories were true in every detail. About 15000 Czechs had safely arrived in Vladivostok, before the Bolsheviks tried to disarm them and consequently it was not too difficult to take the town as while the Bolsheviks were nominally in control, yet the 5 Allied Warships in the Bay deterred the Bolsheviks from doing what their natural inclinations prompted them to do, namely kill, rob and murder all the Russians who had any claim of being educated or who had any money or showed any inclination to demand an equal show or word in the city Government.

The Czechs in the far East were unable to communicate with their comrades, who were in the region of Irkutsk, as there were large numbers of Bolsheviks along the Ussuri and Amur Railway lines, as Nikolsk, Harbarovsk and Blagovestchinsk were Bolshevik strongholds, all having large factories and very large prison champs, both facts caused naturally large forces of Bolsheviks to collect, particularly as at Harbarovsk was located a large arsenal and ammunition factory.

The Ussuri and the Amur lines are Divisions of the Trans-Siberian Line and as the Czechs had not at that time received permission from China to transport their troops through Manchuria by the Chinese Eastern Railway, together with the fact that it was absolutely necessary, from a military standpoint, that the Bolsheviks must be driven up the Ussuri line, at least to Harbarovsk, so that in case the Czechs should go via Manchuria, the Bolsheviks could not cut the railway connections where the Ussuri and the Chinese Eastern form a junction at Nikolsk.

The Czechs in Vladivostok were not supplied with enough rifles and ammunition, to say nothing of having practically no artillery, to do more than capture Nikolsk and the War prisoners confined there. Fortunately only a part of the Prisoners joined the Bolsheviks, those that were caught with arms in their possession were promptly killed and altogether about 2000 Bolsheviks and War Prisoners were killed at the taking of Nikolsk. This took place during July, at which time the Bolsheviks would not believe that the Allies would actually help the Czechs. But in August the British, French and the Japanese troops started to arrive and later our 27th Regiment arrived from the Philippines and the Bolsheviks were quickly dispersed. The Czechs under General Gaida had started at Omsk and had come all the way through to Irkutsk and by the first of September had captured Chita and had arrived at Ollivannia where the Bolsheviks had destroyed two spans of the big 5 span bridge over the Onon River. Here he met Gen Semenoff, a Cossack Attaman, who had been fighting against the Bolsheviks with varying success, having been greatly handicapped by having to hire all kinds and descriptions of renegades to serve as soldiers, besides being very poorly equipped in every way.

Semenoff was disposed to question Gaida's right to, what he termed encroach on his stamping ground, pass through on his way to the east through Manchuria. Gaida's men and his own personality were so convincing that Semenoff very wisely decided that he did not care to oppose the Czechs, so Gaida left most of his troops in Central Siberia, Chita, Irkutsk and Omsk and came through to Vladivostok.

As soon as the Czechs started their activities I received a cable from our Red Cross at Washington, requesting me to undertake the organization of the American Red Cross in Siberia, until the regular Commission could arrive. That in the meantime they requested me to establish hospitals for the relief of the wounded Czechs and also to furnish the necessary aid to the large civilian population which had been driven out of various parts of Russia and Siberia,

and even from Galicia. There were all kinds of Refugees, some of them dating from 1914. The greater part of this class had long ago become what we call, confirmed paupers, that is they had been drifting from one place to another and had lost all incentive or inclination to help themselves, and in many cases refused to work, when the latter was furnished them.

Our work commenced at Vladivostok, and consisted at the start, in getting a hospital prepared for the wounded Czechs.

There was a great deal of hard work, in getting the use of the Hospital buildings, a permit to build various necessary buildings, arrange with the various contractors, getting two ambulance trains in shape to transport supplies and wounded, to buy automobiles for regular work and chassis for the ambulances. It was impossible to get the ambulance bodies built in the town, and as a last resort, we made arrangements through the kindness of the executive officer of the Brooklyn that the ship's carpenter should build the bodies. They were built quickly and well and gave fine service.

It was of course necessary to open offices and to get lodging places for the personnel who were arriving by every boat from Japan and China. I paid the tremendous sum of 24000 rubles, $2400. per year for a 7 room flat. Since then the price of lodgings has more than doubled.

We had a great amount of difficulty, at the start, with the Custom House Officials. They demanded that we pay full duty on all Red Cross Supplies, naturally as we were doing this work for the Russians, I protested very strongly and to such good effect that they at last let our supplies come in Duty Free.

Gradually we got things into working order and then after we had about 250 wounded or sick in our Hospital situated on Russian Island in Vladivostok Bay, and we were caring for about 3000 Refugees of all nationalities, we then opened a Hospital at Harbin and a third Hospital at Buckhedeu, a station on the

Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria, near to the boundary of Manchuria and Eastern Siberia.

As I have stated, about the first of Sept. the Czechs succeeded in breaking down the Bolshevik resistances and I commenced to work out the fulfillment of my plans that I had been making during my long stay in Vladivostok, namely, to get into Siberia as far as it was necessary to go, without awakening suspicion on the part of anyone. For my purpose it was necessary to have at least a sleeping and a dining car. I had already arranged to take in Red Cross Supplies, which were very badly needed, and consequently could legitimately use one of the big sleeping cars which we had taken, practically by threats from Gen. Horvat, the Director of the Chinese Eastern Railway. He at first had refused to furnish the American Red Cross with cars, of any description, so we informed him that if he did not give the necessary orders at once and furnish us with the copies of the telegrams, that we would telegraph to the President at Washington, stating that Gen Horvat was personally responsible because we were not able to get two ambulance trains to transport the wounded Czechs. Consequently this worked like a charm for we received as many cars as we needed but only two dining cars which we were obliged to use as operating cars. I had all my plans made, I had two officers from the American General Staff, a Mining Engineer, a Y. M. C. A. man, Paul Rainey, the So. African Big Game Hunter and a Naturalist, named Hellar, who had been in Africa with Roosevelt; the two latter had a moving picture outfit and a special camera, and wanted to get into Siberia to see some of the fighting. In addition I had a guard of four American Soldiers, furnished to me by Gen, Graves who commanded the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia. We also had a Chinese Cook and an assistant for him.

I had tried every way I could think of in order to get a proper dining car, as I knew it was very possible that I would be obliged to make a trip

of perhaps 9 or 10000 miles and as there was no food to be had at the stations there was no chance of my making a successful trip unless I managed to get a dining car.

The Allied Railway Committee could not do anything for me, neither could the Red Cross or Gen. Horvat, so it was up to me.

I finally went to the Minister of Railways and by some unknown reason succeeded in persuading that it was so necessary for me to have a dining car, that he gave me the use of his own private dining car, which was, at that time, in the repair shops at Harbin.

He gave me a letter instructing the Railway authorities to give me this car when I arrived at Harbin.

I bought a lot of supplies and also received mattresses and bed clothing from the Brooklyn. Dr. Dunne furnished me with a medicine chest.

Finally after much preperation and hard work on Sept. 14th at 11 o'clock A. M. we pulled out of Vladivostok enroute for Harbin and Western Siberia.

The party was composed of Colonel Landon and Capt. Brezina of American Army; Cole of the Military Intelligence; Smith Mining Engineer, Reiley of the Y.M.C. A. and Allen a Britisher living in Moscow, but at that time was in Vladivostok waiting an opportunity to get back to European Russia.

Besides the above I had four American Soldiers to act as a guard, also two Chinese Cooks as well as a Russian Provodnik or Porter whose work was to look after the Sleeping Car.

We also took along Judge Matherman from/ the Hawaiian Islands, who having volunteered his services to the Red Cross, was on his way to Harbin to take charge of the Office there.

We found our big Sleeping Car very comfortable; it had 8 large compartments, each designed to accommodate 4 people. The only trouble was, the Bolsheviks

had stolen the electric generator so we were obliged to depend on candles for our light. Some of the time we were unable to get candles consequently it was early to bed for us, otherwise we were obliged to sit in the dark.

We left Vladivostok and all the way to Nikolsk, the bridges and stations were guarded by American Soldiers, which certainly gave me the sense of security, which I had never before experienced in my many years' of living in Russia.

About 3 P. M. we met a train which had on board Gen. Gaida, the Czech General under whose dashing leadership, the Czechs had opened up the Siberian Railway and had delivered Siberia from the Bolsheviks and their reign of terror. He was on his way to Vladivostok. The train in which he was traveling was one the Czechs had captured from the Bolsheviks and showed plainly the bullet holes, broken windows and generally battered condition which one expects to find on a train that had gone through such ordeals as many of the trains on the Siberian railways were obliged to undergo. Because practically all of the fighting was done along the railways and a greater part of the damage was done to railway property, as bridges destroyed, water towers blown up and coal and wood burned in wholesale quantities meant just so much more trouble and delay to those who were attempting to get the railways into working order.

Our trains were obliged to stop at a station in order to pass and we had the pleasure of meeting Gen. Gaida, who was delighted to know that we were on our way into Siberia, to furnish the Czechs with medicine supplies, all kinds of which the Czechs were in desperate need.

We arrived at Pogrannichnia, the boundary line between Eastern Siberia and Manchuria. We were not troubled by the Custom Officials and were allowed to sleep quietly without being disturbed.

But I received a disquieting telegram the next morning from Lieut. Higgins, one of the American Railway Engineers stationed at Harbin. I had previously telegraphed Higgins that I was to receive the Minister of Railways Private Dining

Car when I arrived at Harbin. Higgins telegraphed that the Transportation Manager refused to see him and also said that he would not release the car to anyone without direct orders from the Minister. This was not very pleasant news, as all our eggs were in one basket, we had to get this car or our comfort and well being were in the air.

On Sept. 15th it rained all day, but life was brightened by the kindness of Major Blunt of the American R.R. Engineers, who was on a tour of inspection in his little Service Car. We had a fine although shakey breakfast, because the car had only four wheels and was very light, besides the roadbed left much to be desired in the way of smoothness, which resulted in many mouthfuls intended to be eaten to arrive at altogether different destinations.

Major Blunt furnished us with a fine lunch at one of the stations where he made his regular headquarters and we all expressed the wish that we would be fortunate to get as fine a lunch every day as the one we ate at the Major's headquarters.

All day we saw various kinds of soldiers guarding the line and the bridges. There were Japanese, Chinese and Cossacks at the various stations and we passed several Japanese Troop Trains.

We arrived in Harbin late on the evening of the 15th and found Consul Jenkins, Lieut. Higgins, Mr. Cole and Mr. Parsons waiting at the station for our arrival.

Our cars were shunted on a siding about a quarter of a mile from the Station, a fact that made us feel both safe and unsafe, as this Cossack Attaman was more or less of an unknown quantity, when it came to a question of you having something he might think he could use to good advantage.

On the morning of the 16th naturally my first move was to have an interview with this obstinate Manager of Transportation named Lachinow. I called at the big railway Administration Building of the Chinese Eastern Railway and

by pure bluff awed Mr. Lachinow's Secretary into ushering me into the Manager's office without waiting five minutes. I had bearded him in his den and after giving him the personal letter from the Minister, his manner changed immediately, and he promised that I should have the car at the earliest possible moment, and gave orders to that effect. Naturally I expressed my thanks and appreciation and after talking a little while, Lieut. Higgins and I said goodbye assuring him that I hoped there would not be any hitch in the car being ready that night. I had taken Lieut. Higgins into his office just to show Lachinow that he couldn't keep an American out by refusing to see him and that in this instance Higgins was acting as my representative. It is needless to say that Lieut. Higgins enjoyed the incident and we succeeded in doing exactly as we had made up our minds to do.

Following the natural course of events in Russia, the car was not ready that evening and it was reported as not being in proper condition for a long trip. I knew very well that they were only stalling, hoping that I would give it up as a bad job and go on without it. They had another guess; I finally found the Shop Superintendent and demanded that he show me the car. The car was all right, but it needed a few minor repairs and to be thoroughly cleaned.

I finally convinced him that I was not going to leave Harbin without that car, so with the men he gave and my soldiers and the Chinese Cooks, we very soon changed the looks of the car. We took delivery of the dishes and linen and stocked up with wood, coal and other necessary supplies and were ready to pull out at one p. m.

That same morning a small Y.M.C.A. train, bound for Western Siberia, had arrived, so we decided to combine our trains for safety and speed. This we did and pulled out for Irkutsk in Central Siberia, that afternoon at 4 o'clock.

While we were at Harbin we were joined by Paul Rainey and Hellar. The former is the well known Big Game Hunter and has been acting as Official

Photographer for the American Army in France and later served with the American Red Cross in France. He had a movie machine and took many pictures on the trip through Siberia. Hellar is a naturalist, who accompanied Roosevelt on the latter's trip to Africa.

While at Harbin I saw Commander Wolf-Murray of H.M.S. Suffolk, who together with Capt. Bath of the British Marines, were on their way to Western Siberia with a big 6 inch Naval Gun, dismounted from the "Suffolk" and mounted on a railway truck. These two officers together with Dr. Smith also of the "Suffolk" went forward to Siberia and at the present time (Jan. 15th) are on the Ufa Front, and all three have been awarded the French War Cross, as they are serving in conjunction with the French Troop on that Front.

All day of the 18th we passed through beautiful game farming country and also saw quantities of game, particularly, duck, snipe and pheasant. At one station there were a lot of Czechs, so we crowded them on the coal cars we had and Rainey staged a movie, in which we all played a part, the only part was the locomotive driver was afraid that he would run too fast with the result that we barely crawled.

At 10 P. M. we arrived at Buckhedeu, where the American Red Cross had a Hospital in charge of Dr. Lewis, I had mail, money and supplies for this Hospital, consequently Dr. Lewis was on hand at the Station and we were ready to continue on our way in an hour's time. I had hoped to find Drs. Lee and Tucker here but they had left a few days before with the Czech 8th Regiment, to which they had been assigned.

We arrived at Hallar the next morning at 10 A. M. and decided to have the heating plant in our Sleeping Car fixed, as it was not in good working order and we could easily find cold weather most anywhere along the line.

We were ready to pull out at 1 o'clock but the station master informed us that as it was a Chinese holiday that there were no firemen to be had.

After we had convinced him that we would furnish the fireman, then he said that there was no engineer, and he acted so suspiciously that we decided at three o'clock that we would look into the matter ourselves. So Capt. Brezina and I took one of our soldiers, all of whom by the way spoke Russian, and went over to the station. In the meantime we had heard indirectly that there were at least three engines with full crews standing in the round house with steam all up, and that the station master and the round house master were delaying us out of pure cussedness. We went over to the station master and asked him when he intended to give us an engine, he said that he would give us the first one that had a full crew. This was all we wanted to know, so I invited him to take a walk down to the round house about a quarter of a mile away. He said that he couldn't leave the station and that he would telephone to the round house again. I told him that he need not bother to telephone that we needed the pleasure of his company and that I had brought the soldier along to walk with him. He saw there was nothing else to do but go with us. We walked down to the round house and asked for the Master, who came blustering out and demanded what we wanted. I told him we desired to see how many engines he had ready for immediate service and also the reason why he had not furnished us with an engine when we had asked for it? The first part of the question was automatically answered, for as we were talking a big American type locomotive rolled out of the round house. I simply said you needn't trouble to answer my questions , for I see what I am looking for and if you have anything to say about it I will accommodate you both to a free ride up to Manchuria Post, where the Japanese soldiers are stationed, and if I am not able to convince you that I have a right to have an engine, why then I am sure that the Japs will be able to convince you. Neither of them showed any desire to argue the matter any further, and we started on our way again and Rainey went up the line ahead of the train and took another movie to celebrate the "bloodless" victory over the Bolsheviks.

We arrived at Manchuria Post, where Manchuria on the west meets Siberia. We found a tremendous amount of traffic tied up here, owing to the general disorganization of the railway and also because the Czechs were sending all their troops back to the western Siberian front to help their comrades to establish a Front on the Volga or in the Ural Mountains at Chiliabinsk, if Samara and Ufa should be taken by the Bolsheviks, In any case Ekaterinburg was the base of operations of the forces fighting on the various railway lines centering at this point and going in the general western direction particularly towards Kungur and Perm, as it was the Czechs' intention, if possible to open up a line of communications with the British and American Expedition, which was operating in Northern European Russia, with Archangel as a base.

At Manchuria Post, through the kindness of the train despatcher and the friendship of one of the Captains of the 10th Czech Regiment, we were fortunate enough to be hitched onto one of the troop trains of the 10th Regiment and we pulled out of Manchuria Post in a train composed of 65 cars.

After leaving Manchuria Post we were traveling through country which had been the scene of heavy fighting less than six weeks before. We travelled slowly for various reasons, many of the bridges and culverts had been blown up by the Bolsheviks and the temporary ones were a little shaky, the Bolsheviks had destroyed practically every water tower and had also burned wholesale all the supplies of coal and wood which had been stored at the various stations. The Czech soldiers were obliged in many places to scour the country and collect all the old ties and odd pieces of wood they could find in order to have enough fuel to keep steam in the boiler. In one place there was such a steep grade that it was a question if the engine was going to pull us over the hill. It had two tries and each time was obliged to back down the hill and have another go at it. It was only on the third try that we just managed to crawl over. On each of the two preceding times as we backed down the hill at a lively rate, Allan declared that we were going to run

off the track and we had a great deal of sport with him on account of the amount of anxiety he displayed in various instances when something a little out of the ordinary happened.

We were now travelling through the country, where Semenoff and his band of Freebooters had been fighting against the Bolsheviks for the last 9 months, and in many places the country looked as though a cyclone had struck it, many bridges and culverts had been destroyed, houses and barnes had been burned and there were many traces of wrecked trains and the remains of the plunder that either one side or the other had abandoned in their numerous advances and retreats.

On the morning of the 21st. we arrived at the Onon River with Ollivannia on the opposite or west bank. There was formerly a big four span bridge, but the Bolsheviks had completely wrecked the two spans on the west side. The Czechs and Japanese had, by forcing the German and Austrian War Prisoners to work, succeeded in getting a temporary bridge erected on a level with the river, but if it rained the water flowed over the top of this bridge and troop trains were very often delayed here for days at a time. The bridge at that time was not considered strong enough to support the weight of an engine so the trains were pushed down onto this bridge and then an engine cautiously came down from the other side and pulled the train up the long encline to the station Ollivannia.

War trains, or rather military trains, were the only trains that were moving west of Manchuria Post, and they were all moving towards the west, so we were not troubled by having to wait for trains coming in the opposite direction but owing to the damage the Bolsheviks had done the railway it was impossible some days to make over 250 versts or 175 miles in 24 hours.

At Ollivannia station there were about 300 freight cars full of so called Refugees, they were mostly former railway employes, who claimed that they had been compelled to leave their jobs and their homes by the Bolsheviks, when the latter were compelled to move out by the Czechs. This may have been true in many

instances but the bulk of them were simply taking advantage of the unusual conditions, and were off on an exaggerated picnic, they had more or less money and were in receipt of free transportation and lodging and in some instances free food. That this statement is true is proven by the fact that while the weather remained warm and pleasant there were thousands of so-called Refugees, but as soon as the weather changed and it commenced to grow cold, the Refugees became wonderfully less in number and they had nearly all returned to the homes they had left, and by the time the Red Cross had made preparations to help these Refugees along the railroads, the greater percentage had disappeared.

We crossed the temporary bridge across the Onon and stopped at Ollivannia station until late in the afternoon, then we finally had the pleasure of being routed as a special train, and made fast time to Chita, where we arrived early in the morning of the 22d. of Sept. At Chita we saw the first regular passenger train we had seen since leaving Harbin. Here were people travelling and there were indications of some business activity. The Jews were very much in evidence and nothing but a most emphatic refusal would convince some of them that our train was not at their disposal, particularly as they thought that money would certainly get them a ride.

We were swamped with requests for permission to ride, some had important business to transact, others were to be married, others had sick relatives and others simply demanded that we take them along with us. As the train was strictly at my disposal, and could not move without my orders, I took particular pleasure in turning down the requests of several Russian Officers who were very officious, until they found that I had the last word, and informed them, that if it was so terribly important that they should travel, that they could ride in the freight car on the rear of our train, which served as a caboose for our train crew.

If anyone tried to beat a ride between the cars they were promptly

kicked off by the guard, so we were not much troubled by stowaways. We commenced to get first class railway service at Chita, from there on, we would no more than arrive at a railway station before the station master would put in appearance and ask us whether we wished to remain at the station for a while or if we wished to immediately continue our journey.

At Chita we remained a few hours, in order to send telegram back and to look the town over. One of the biggest Prison Camps is located here and there were many Austrian and German prisoners on the streets. Chita, at that time was the last station where we saw Japanese soldiers, from there on to the westward the Czechs had complete control of the railway, and we were to receive first-class railway service.

We left Chita exactly on the dot of 10 a. m. as we had requested and from there on to Irkutsk and as far as Omsk in Western Siberia, it seemed as though every successive engineer on each division was trying to get more speed out of the various engines and to show us Americans that there was speed to be had elsewhere than America. Some of the time we were travelling as high as 45 to 50 miles an hour and the little light Russian Freight cars, only built to stand 20 to 25 miles an hour, commenced to show the effects of the excessive speed, and we had several Hot boxes, and were compelled to shift the entire carload of various supplies to other cars. It did not make so much difference if this happened in the day time, but it was tough to be routed out in the middle of the night, as I had the keys to the Red Cross Cars and Reiley had the keys to the Y.M.C.A. cars it was necessary for one or both of us to get up to attend to everything.

On the afternoon of the 23d. we arrived on the east shore of Lake Baikal and started on our 8 hour journey around the southern end of the Lake. The weather had cleared and we enjoyed the beautiful sunset; on the left close at hand were the high snow covered mountains and on the immediate right was the deep blue Lake and in some places one could see the mountains on the other side

forming a blue haze in the distance.

About 9 P .M. we passed through Tunnel 39. there are 39 tunnels on the railway around the southern end of the Lake. At the time the Czechs and the Bolsheviks were fighting, the latter had planned to mine and blow up these tunnels, but the Czechs were too quick for them, and the Bolsheviks only succeeded in blowing up one tunnel, #39, the one on the extreme eastern end.

The exploits of the Czechs under Gen. Gaida, numbering not over 8000 men, succeeded in outguessing, outwitting and outfighting from 50 to 60000 Bolsheviks and German and Austrian War Prisoners, and finally fought their way from Omsk to Chita, where they finally broke down the Bolshevik resistance and joined forces with their comrades, who had been fighting a hard battle with the same kind of enemy in the eastern part of Siberia around Vladivostok, Nikolsk and Harbarovsk. The tales told, and I have heard them substantiated by various officers at various times and places, of the long chances taken and the almost superhuman efforts and results accomplished by these few Czechs fighting against overwhelming odds, seem like fairy tales.

The Bolsheviks were very fond of turning loose an engine at full speed in order to smash up a Czech armoured train which might be standing at a station. Of course, if the latter had sufficient warning it would be easy to turn a switch and ditch the engine running wild, this was not enough, if the Czechs knew in time they, in one or two instances, used the same engine against the Bolsheviks. The Siberian railway has many steep grades, and it happened that the Bolsheviks had turned an engine loose where it would have to climb a stiff grade. The Czechs had warning that the engine was coming, and they greased the tracks at the grade and the result was the engine slowed up and they climbed on board, reversed the engine and sent it back at full speed, with the result that the Bolsheviks had a full fledged wreck furnished them free of charge.

Another time the Bolsheviks were too strong for the Czechs and the latter prepared a trap for the Bolsheviks. The Czechs retired in apparent disorder from a railway station, situated in a narrow valley, leaving a hospital train and some unimportant supplies behind. The Bolsheviks followed and began to celebrate the capture and prepared to follow, when they were suddenly caught between machine gun fire from the rear and artillery fire from guns they could not see, but which had been carefully trained on the railway station in view of catching them unawares. The result was that about 2000 Bolsheviks were killed and as many more taken as prisoners.

The Bolsheviks had planned to mine and later blow up all of the 39 tunnels on the Trans Baikal Railway, and with this in view had a train of high explosives standing at Baikal Station. This was in the Bolsheviks' minds perfectly safe, as the Czechs were at Irkutsk, about 40 miles away. Baikal Station is situated on the shore of the Lake of the same name, and there is a small mountain chain overlooking the station. Much to the Bolsheviks' discomfort and chagrin, the Czechs appeared suddenly on the hills overlooking the Station and opened fire, with machine guns, on this trainload of high explosives, with the result that many Bolsheviks were killed, the entire trainload of explosives went up in smoke and the railway station and yard ceased to exist.

The Czechs seemed to have a supreme contempt for the Bolsheviks and always managed to do just the opposite of what the Bolsheviks expected, thereby accomplishing what would have otherwise been impossible.

We arrived in Irkutsk in the early morning, and at the earliest possible, moment we all were on our way across the river to the Bath House.

The railway station is on one side of the Angara River and the town on the other. During the last two years, Irkutsk has been the scene of desperate fighting between, the Red and the White Guards and later between the Red Guards and the Czechs. The town is spattered with bullet marks from one end to the other.

Many public buildings have been burned or blown up. The Governor's Palace looks like a target, it is one mass of bullet marks. The jail and various bank buildings have been destroyed as well as several school buildings.

As soon as I had finished with my bath, I called on Consul General Harris and found, much to my disappointment, that the information he had telegraphed me, regarding my special business, was absolutely unreliable, and that I could not hope to have any success unless I continued my journey to the Ural Mountains.

On the 25th, Langdon Warner arrived in Irkutsk, having missed our train at Virkny Udinsk by about an hour. Warner had been in Vladivostok in July and as it was necessary for him to go to Irkutsk and there was no indication, at that time, that the railway would be open for a long time, he decided to go to Pekin and go to Urga, and from there north overland to Irkutsk, at that time a most dangerous trip. It happened that the Czechs were making their drive to get through from Irkutsk and by the time Warner had gone all the way to Urga via Pekin, the Czechs had succeeded in driving the Bolsheviks south of Chita and Virkny Udinsk, so that Warner was obliged to meet them on his way north. Fortunately for him the Ford car in which he was travelling, broke down, and he was obliged to continue his journey on horseback. On account of this he was able to dodge the retreating Bolsheviks and after some close calls arrived in Virkny Udinsk a little while after we had left. He caught up with us at Irkutsk and travelled with us as far as Omsk where he joined Jamison, who afterwards was Consul at Tomsk.

We replenished our failing stock of provisions at Irkutsk and started on our way to the Urals on the 26th. Soon after leaving Irkutsk, we commenced to pass fine coal mining districts, this was a favorite stamping ground of the Bolsheviks and at one of the mining towns called Chirimhova, the Bolsheviks threw 45 Russian Officers down one of the deep mine shafts.

On the evening of the 26th as we arrived at the station of Nijni Udinsk, we heard music and on looking out we saw about 250 Russian soldiers lined up as a Guard of Honor with a Military Band playing. This was the first signs of life we had seen and it was in our honor, as we were the first foreigners that had been along the line since the Bolsheviks had been driven out.

After we had inspected and thanked the Guard of Honor, we invited the Colonel in command, his Adjutant and the President of the Town Council, who was also there, into our Dining Car and gave them tea and cakes also cigars. The Colonel assured me that he had not smoked a cigar for over a year, and that tobacco and sugar were not to be had at any price, but that there was an abundance of flour, meat, butter and fish. He said that there was not much difficulty in conscripting the young peasants to fight against the

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Bolsheviks, but that the principal trouble was to furnish the recruits with equipment.

When the Bolsheviks were driven out by the Czechs, the former cleaned out all kinds and description of equipment, and it had been impossible to replace what had been stolen or even to get enough to properly furnish the necessary guards even with boots or rifles. For instance, it was necessary to keep a constant guard over the big railway bridge just outside of Nijni Udinsk. The guard was made up of 40 men, 30 had boots and 25 had rifles, so that they were obliged to take turns in wearing the boots and carrying the rifles.

The next morning at about 10 A.M. much to our surprise, we were received with music, as we pulled into a small station not far from Kansk. It was the Czech 10th. Regiment, in command of my old friend from Vladivostok, Capt. Baidura. He had helped me in Vladivostok to get the steam launch the "Orlik" and had always done everything he could for me. He had heard that we were coming through and had arranged this as a little welcome.

We arrived at Kansk about 11 A. M. and also found a Guard of Honor of Russian Soldiers and music awaiting us there. It was the same reports as we had already received, a lack of all kinds of equipment and the expression of the earnest hope that the Allies, particularly the Americans, would soon send soldiers and supplies to Siberia and that we would soon take over the railroads and put them in efficient running order.

We arrived at Krasnojarsk at 9 P. M. and found a Guard of Honor and music waiting for us there, we did not stop here, just long enough to change engines and we were soon on our way.

We received the same enthusiastic reception on our arrival at Novo Nikolaevsk and although the station and yard was

over-run with fresh recruits from the surrounding country and every side track and freight car was full of soldiers, we did not have any difficulty in getting an engine and we were soon on our way, thanks to the young Czech officer who had charge of the Station.

A few days before we arrived there had been some trouble with the Bolsheviks led by an Esthonian man and a Lettish woman, both had been arrested together with some of their confederates and when we were there everything was quiet.

After a run of 24 hours from Novo Nikoaevsk, we arrived at Omsk and were received by Gen. Matkovsky, who had a fine Guard of Honor drawn up for our inspection. The Gen. very kindly gave orders to have our Dining Car and Sleeping Car shifted from the main station down on the main line up to the town about five or six versts away and told us that General Ivanof-Rinoff the Attaman of Central Siberian Cossacks had planned to have a parade the next day at 3 P. M. for our benefit, if it would meet with our pleasure.

As General Ivanof-Rinoff was acting as Minister of War Colonel Landon and I called on him the next morning at the General Staff Building. He was very pleasant and cordial as well as being very pro Ally. He detailed Gen. Svirin to show us the Barrack and Hospital facilities in Omsk. Omsk is easily the finest situated for commercial purposes, of all the Siberian cities. It is situated on the Irtish River and also being a railway centre as well as having a tremendous trade by water makes it the gathering point of all kinds of merchandise. Prices are lower here than in any other place in Siberia and there is a large accumulation of everything that the surrounding districts produce. There are large quantities of grain, hay, meat, vegetables, butter and eggs on hand at reasonable prices. It was stated to me on the very best authority that there was grain left unsold from the crop of 1915. To illustrate the food proposition,

during our entire trip of nearly 12 weeks, covering about 9000 miles, at no time were we without a plentiful supply of white bread made from wheat flour.

There was an abundance of everything that Siberia produced, but the unfortunate conditions (political) and the crippled condition of the railway together with the utter indifference to public welfare shown by each and every Gov. Official made the distribution of these immense supplies impossible.

Of course if the supplies of which there were large quantities were not distributed, naturally everything that had to be imported from the seaports were noticeable by their absence.

It was impossible to get sugar, tea, tobacco, cloth, leather or medicines at any price; they did not exist. The only thing that prevented the people having all the above mentioned things or rather necessities was one thing, the crippled condition of the railway. Everyone was playing politics and no one gave public welfare a single thought.

We had Colonel Zeitschik of the Czech and Russian Secret Police to lunch and he detailed one of his trusted men to accompany me to the Urals and remain with me until I returned to Omsk.

At 3 P.M. Gen.Svirin came to get Colonel Landon and I to take us to the parade, which was held on the big parade ground in the centre of the town. We saw 6000 Russian Infantry and 2000 of Gen. Ivanoff's Cossacks; all of these had just been mobolized.

They paraded very well, considering that they had only been in training a few weeks and it reminded me of the parades I formerly saw in European Russia. After the Parade we were entertained to a little lunch served in a tent at one end of the Parade Ground, and afterwards, Generals Svirin and

and me to look at the various buildings, which were available to be used as Barracks or Hospitals, either for the American Troops or for a Red Cross Hospital.

We were offered the new building, which was later to be the Law Courts and also the fine up to date buildings of the Agricultural School, situated about 3 miles from the town. The only objection to the latter buildings for a hospital was they were too far from the town; otherwise everything was ideal. The buildings would easily accommodate 1500 patients with ample quarters for the Doctors and Nurses. The buildings were steam heated and electric lighted and had fine kitchens and bathrooms, besides having hard wood floors and good ventilation and a fine supply of water.

As no American troops were sent to Siberia, it resulted in the Red Cross getting this building for a Hospital, and I understand that it is already in full swing.

We left Omsk on the evening of Oct. 1st and arrived in Kurgan, the centre of the Siberian Butter industry. We had no more than stopped at the station, before we were besieged by various people desiring to get taken along on our train to Cheliabinsk.

First of all an old Roumanian General put in an appearance and demanded not only transportation for himself, or rather a compartment for himself, but also places for four young officers who were with him. I told him that we had no spare room, but that they might sit in the Dining Cars during the 9 hours' run. This did not appeal to His Royal Highness so we left him to listen to the tale of woe of a bank cashier who had a large amount of money to take to Cheliabinsk. We told him that he could ride in one of our freight cars, this didn't appeal to him so we couldn't help him and refused to even talk with the rest of the applicants.

We arrived at Cheliabinsk early in the morning of

Oct. 3rd and found the Station in a very busy condition. The cause was that large bodies of troops were being sent to the various fronts at Ekaterinburg or to the Volga River Front at Samara.

Cheliabinsk was and still is, the Czech Army Headquarters and General Serovie lived in his private car, only a little distance from our cars. The Station was guarded by Roumanian Troops and there were all kinds of soldiers to be seen at all hours of the day.

There were 8 different kinds of soldiers to be seen on the Station platforms. The Czechs; Servians; Roumanians; Siberian Republic men with green and white badges; Poles, with bordeaux colored ribbons; the Russian Peoples' Army, with yellow and black colors and the Russian National Army with red, white and blue, also the Ukranians with pink and blue colors. Besides all of these there were endless numbers of Refugees coming in from the Samara Front, as it was already known that the Bolsheviks were making it too hot for the Czechs and Siberians on this Front.

We arrived in the early morning and about 10 o'clock the Chief Surgeon of the Czech Army, Colonel Konopasek, called on me and I formally turned over to him the Red Cross supplies I had brought for the Czechs. Just after lunch, my friends Captains Baidura and Koptok of the 10th Regiment called on me and we had a long talk about general conditions. They were very pessimistic and their opinions were fully confirmed by General Serovie, the Commander in Chief of the Czech Army. The Czechs are getting very disheartened and feel that they have been deserted and left to their fate, after they had received very definite promise$ from the Allies that the latter would help them with supplies and soldiers if the Czechs would establish a front in Western Siberia and hold back the Germans and Austrians until the Allies could get men and supplies there.

This the Czechs had been doing, and have met with

severe losses. About 20000 Czechs and a few Cossacks with the aid of about 50000 unreliable and practically untrained youngs Russian Peasants, who formed the Siberian Army were holding back over 165000 Bolsheviks and German and Austrian War Prisoners. As time went on the Bolsheviks continually showed signs of improvement as the result of the training they received from the German Officers who were furnished them by Germany.

General Serovie was in our car about three hours and after listening to his quiet but very impressive and convincing conversation anyone could begin to have some idea of what it meant to be fighting some one's else battle for them with no money, no regular base of supplies, no factories providing rifles, ammunition, artillery or shells: Everything they had was captured from the Bolsheviks and unless the Allies sent them all the above named supplies together with clothing and hospital supplies, it was simply a question of time when the Czech Army would cease to exist, and this condition came about, not from the Czechs' own choice, but because they had been requested to do something by the Allies and then they were left alone to sink or swim. Naturally the former was the only thing that could result in the long run, it was simply a question of time.

This unfortunate and absolutely unnecessary state of affairs had a most depressing effect on every one who understood and saw the proof of the fact that the Czechs were slowly but surely being sacrificed man by man, while our American troops were cooling their heels in Vladivostok, crazy to get into action, all because someone in Washington was afraid of hurting the sensibilities of the Russians, something which the Russians have lost long ago if indeed, they ever had any. Every Russian who has any education, or aspirations or any desire to have things put into

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livable shape and safe for human life is begging and praying that America will intervene and take over the railways and make it possible for respectable people to live in security and to make an honest living.

America is the first and last hope of the Russians, and as they all say, if you do not come to our aid, we are lost, we cannot manage our own affairs, we dislike and distrust the Japanese, the British and French are far away. America has the things we most need and we have some things that America can use, why does not America understand our hopeless position, and help us now when we are helpless, we have heard promises and promises, but they never materialize and we are sinking lower and lower each day. Each one of us thinks he has the secret of power and the result is that there is no united action or any organized effort towards doing something for the public welfare. There are immense quantities of food supplies, but not a single effort is made to control the prices or to distribute these supplies to other parts where there is practically famine, every man seems to be looking out for himself in the most selfish sort of way. The officials in power are at heart Monarchists, and think of nothing else in the daytime and dream only of the so-called "good old times" when there was an Emperor, and all the Gov. officials lived by graft and the Army Officers were like Gods compared to their position today. These men are not able to grasp the idea of any other kind of a life being possible, scarcely one of them is capable of going out and earning an honest living with his own hands or through their own personal efforts, so it is not to be wondered at that they desire a return of the old order of things and are straining every effort to bring about that result.

On the other side things are just as bad and even more

hopeless. The leaders of the so-called Social Revolutionists and other kindred parties are in the first place, hopelessly socialistic, together with having Liberty thrust upon them, when they have not the slightest idea of the word Patriotism or Personal Obligation for Public Welfare. They have no experience of governing or controlling public affairs, they only know that they are free and can do as they like, consequently everything is a new experiment for them and they delight in giving every new idea a try, always keeping in mind that they are free and that no one has the slightest right to make them do anything they may not care to do. Neither extreme knows what they want in a way which will insure their getting it, and nothing is done which will lead to any stabilizing the country or bring it out of the hopeless state of chaos, into which it has fallen and out of which there is no chance of its extricating itself unless there is a strong hand stretched to its relief from the outside. I do not for a moment say that it will be an easy, pleasant or a quick process, but it is the only thing that will help Russia in her present hopeless position.

I wished to go up to Ekaterinburg from Cheliabinsk, but owing to the moving of so many troops and that there were few locomotives to be had, I was obliged to wait two days. I made use of this time and visited the Czech Hospitals and sent long telegrams to Vladivostok, ordering hospital supplies and medicines and also advised the Red Cross of the necessity of hastening so as to get at least two hospitals into working order, one at Tjumen and the other at Omsk to serve as a base hospital.

As everything was quiet at Ekaterinburg, and I was going to remain some time at the latter place, Colonel Landon, Capt. Brezina and Cole succeeded in getting a small car and went for a trip of observation towards the Samara Front, where there was active fighting going on. On the second day we left Cheliabinsk for Ekaterinburg

at five in the afternoon and arrived at our destination at eight the next morning.

As soon as we had our train suitably placed, so that it was within easy reach of the station, I started to look up the American Vice Consul, Mr. Palmer, who was, and still is, the Manager for the International Harvester Co. I had planned to receive a lot of assistance from Mr. Palmer, and I was not to be disappointed.

Mr. Palmer has been in Ekaterinburg several years and has a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, and he was able to put me almost in immediate touch with the people most useful for my particular business.

On the evening of the day of our arrival, the Consul invited us to attend a Concert Benefit, given by the Russians and Czechs for the benefit of the latter. We were guests of the Consul and he had invited the French and the acting British Consul, Mr. Thomas. We enjoyed the entertainment very much, particularly the violin playing of a young Czech Soldier.

The next morning Mr. Palmer took me to inspect the house in which the Czar and his family were imprisoned, and where he and the czarevitch were supposed to have been killed. While there is no actual proof at hand at the present time that this unhappy family was murdered, as there is no one as yet who has come forward and sworn that they have seen the bodies of any of the immediate family of the Czar, yet everything except that points to the fact that they were all probably murdered at that time by the Bolsheviks and their bodies concealed so secretly that no one has discovered where they were hidden and no one implicated in the probable murder has admitted any connection with it or accused anyone as being guilty of this sad crime.

If the Bolsheviks did not murder the Czar in the

house, they certainly went to a great deal of unnecessary trouble and expense to provide the unfortunate family with a secure prison for the few days they were to occupy it.

The house is situated nearly in the centre of Ekaterinburg, on the right side of the street leading direct from the railway station to the town. It was a large private residence situated on the top of a low hill. The Bolsheviks had built a double board fence, about 20 feet high around the entire house and garden and had placed each fence about 25 feet apart and put cleats on each side so it was a physical impossibility to peek through, either from the inside or the outside. A part of the windows were barred on the outside, and nearly everyone was fitted on the inside with sheet iron shutters, which fastened with padlocks. All of the furniture had been removed except the dining room table and five chairs. There were no beds, mattresses, chairs or tables in any of the rooms which the Imperial Family occupied. The party was made up of nine people and they all had to sleep on the floors.

The Czar and the Czarevitch were supposed to have been shot in a vaulted room in the basement which looked as though it might have been a billiard or a card room under ordinary circumstances.

There was wainscotting around this room and in one corner there were 15 or 16 bullet holes about breast high, as though some one had been standing or crouching in the corner and had been shot at, in the centre of the room there were about 20 bullet holes in the floor as though the shots had been fired direct into some object lying on the floor. There were dark stains on various parts of the floor of the room and it was not necessary to stretch one's imagination to think that they might have been blood stains.

It is supposed that the Czarina and her daughters

were taken outside of Ekaterinburg, and killed and then the house was burned, this surmise is grounded on the report that in the ruins of a small house that there were corset steels and some silver ornaments found which were supposed to have been identified by old servants of the Czar's family, as belonging to one of the daughters.

It is a fact that no one has either seen them alive or dead since they were confined in this house in the centre of Ekaterinburg.

The Imperial Family owned large mining interests in the Urals and many of them, at the time of the Bolshevik uprising were either in the Ural District or were brought there for safe keeping by their captors. 27 Grand Dukes and Duchesses as well as other relatives were imprisoned in this District. Three Grand Dukes, and two Grand Duchesses succeeded in escaping but were overtaken in the village of Allepaevsk and were thrown alive down the shaft of an old deserted mine, and hand grenades were thrown after them. The bodies were taken out of this shaft and identified by an Investigating Committee, while I was in Ekaterinburg. The Daughter of King Peter of Servia was married to a Russian Nobleman. She happened to flee from Petrograd and was captured at Ekaterinburg. Before she was captured she gave her jewels and furs to the American Consul for safe keeping. She was imprisoned and later allowed to go with the promise that she could return to Petrograd. Thinking that this was true, she went to the Consul and took her jewels, but left her furs, as it was summer. Before she could leave Ekaterinburg, she was arrested again, and disappeared for several months, and it was only during my stay in Ekaterinburg, that Mr.Palmer received reliable information that the Princess was very ill in one of the prisons in Perm. In the meantime, the Bolsheviks had murdered her husband and his brother and no one knew where her two children

were. In Ekaterinburg the Bolsheviks were particularly bloodthirsty, they had filled the jail three times with prominent citizens, with no other reason than that they were educated and were a little better off in regard to money. None of these citizens were ever seen alive again, they were taken out in lots of ranging from 10 to 65 and lined up and shot, then armed guards were stationed around and no one was allowed to go near the bodies. In one instance, which is representative of many, 64 men without the semblance of a trial were taken out in the woods, which are about a mile from the town, and there they were lined up and shot, some of them were only wounded; this was on a Friday, on the next Monday some of the poor victims were still alive. The Bolsheviks then dug a shallow trench and threw all the bodies into this trench, both the living and the dead. If they caught any Russian or Czech officers they mutilated them most horribly, the least of which was to cut out the tongue, cut off the noses and ears after having nearly beaten the victims to death having first bound the victims to a plank or in many cases crucified them on a tree, with a plank for a cross piece.

I have personally seen instances where the tongue had been cut out and other bodies terribly beaten and mutilated, all of which was done before the victim died, according to the protocol written by the various Allied Doctors, who formed an Investigating Committee. This terrible reign of Bolshevik terror was made possible by the wholesale freeing of all the convicts, regardless of the sentence they had received or for what crime they had been convicted.

These thousands of convicts, murderers and degenerates were suddenly turned loose, free to work their pent up and natural hate on the people living their quiet law abiding lives in the various parts of Russia and Siberia. There were no soldiers or police to keep order or protect property, these human beasts were free to prey

on Society in general, anyone having money or property was their lawful prey, according to the precepts of Bolshevism. If there were some idealists among the Bolsheviks, who would not personally do such terrible things, they shut their eyes and said that the "Bourgeois" were only getting their just dues.

Owing to the fact that the Banks in Russia were limited to paying out each week a very small sum of money on each current account, no one would put their money in the banks, consequently the banks had no money. So when I arrived in Ekaterinburg I found that the Gov. Bank had no funds, but that they had placed in their care, some of the material which I wished to obtain. I entered into negotiations with them whereby I was to receive some of the material and they would receive money, which they needed very badly.

This worked allright, as I succeeded in getting all of the material they had on hand before the Ural Gov. Officials, then at Omsk, found it out and forbade the Bank selling any more at such a, as they put it, low price, in other words, the price was not high enough to allow them to have a good sized rakeoff. That did not make any difference to me as I already had in my possession all that they had at that time and had made satisfactory arrangements to get more of the material from the source of supply, at the original cost price without any rakeoff for anyone.

To show you how rotten things are in Siberia at the present time, even under the so-called Republic, I will relate an incident that will show you how stealing and graft still thrive, and will continue to do so for several generations to come.

When the Czechs captured Kazan, on the Volga River, they found several million rubles worth of gold bars and coin also about 4000 pounds of Platinum. As this gold and platinum was reported

to have been taken to Omsk, I having seen it when it passed through Cheliabinsk in charge of Gov. Bank Officials, and that it had been turned over to the Siberian Government at Omsk. I thought it might be possible to get some of this platinum for our Gov. as the Siberian Provisional Gov. desired to be recognized by our Gov. and also wanted Foreign Credit. As I was busy at Ekaterinburg, I asked our Military Attache, Major Slaughter, who was serving with Gen. Gaida, to take a trip down to Omsk to see if some arrangement could be made with Avksentyev, who at that time was President of the Directors of the Siberian Republic, whereby we could get some of the platinum.

Avksentyev stalled and made various excuses, first it was because the metal had only just arrived and that it must all be weighed. The next excuse was the price, and on what exchange value it was to be bought. Then the Council was not unanimous that it should be sold and that if the platinum was to be sold that all the Allies should have a chance to buy it, in other words that they would like to auction it off. This excuse business continued for a week or ten days, until I arrived in Omsk, on my way East. When I called on Avksentyev for a final answer, the original 4000 pounds had suddenly been reduced to about 80 pounds, which could probably be delivered in a month's time at about 50% over the supposed market price. I was delighted to inform Mr. Avksentyev that I was in receipt of a cable from our Gov. that we were not interested in buying platinum at any price as the War was over and that the chance of doing us a favor had passed. He immediately changed his tune and intimated that he personally might be able to get some for us, I thanked him and said we didn't need any.

Two days after I left Omsk Avksentyev, with his associates in graft, was arrested by the Monarchist, on the charge

of inciting the soldiers of the Siberian Army along too socialistic lines and after some delay Avksentyev and his friends were escorted out of Siberia into China, from there they came to Japan, where they blossomed out into long newspaper articles, stating that they were martyrs and a long line of "bunk". I am wondering if they are not looking back towards Omsk,where to my mind they concealed a good part of the 40 million rubles worth of Platinum that disappeared so suddenly, for 4000 pounds cannot shrink to 80 without help.

In the meantime Col. Landon had returned from the Samara Front and reported that the Czechs were obliged to retreat, owing to the overwhelming numbers of the Bolsheviks and that the Czechs were inadquately armed with artillery and that the Russian Troops fighting with them were very unreliable.

We were living comfortably in our sleeping and dining cars and everything was going slowly but smoothly until one Sunday when two Czech Soldiers came down to see our American Soldiers and wanted to take some pictures, whereupon our boys put on their entire outfit and just before leaving the car, one of the Czechs asked one of our boys, how his Colt Automatic worked? Our soldier took out the magazine but neglected to extract the cartridge in the barrel, and when he pointed the pistol towards the wall and let the hammer down it naturally went off and the bullet went through the partition of the compartment and struck our Russian Provodnik in the side and punctured his intestines in three places. I was not in the car at that time, but one of the Czech Doctor friends of mine was there, and he had the Provodnik taken immediately to the Hospital, where they operated on him immediately, but it was useless as the poor fellow died that night. It was necessary to take the soldier's arms away from him as he would have to be tried for carelessness with loaded weapons, even though it was accidental.

This instance, together with one of the soldiers going to sleep on watch at night made it necessary for me to get some Czech soldiers, as I had a soldier always on guard, night and day.

We arrived in Ekaterinburg on the 7th of October and from then to the 11th, of November was one of the dreariest and most depressing periods of my life. There was misery and suffering on all sides, we were only 40 miles from the Front and we heard all of the discouraging reports regarding the overwhelming strength of the Bolsheviks, and saw the disheartened condition of the Czech Soldiers, fighting the Allies' battles for them here so far from everywhere, with no evidence of the often promised but never materializing help from the Allies. These were dark cold days, rain and snow, then snow and rain, thousands of the 17 and 18 year old Peasant recruits for the Siberian Army were arriving every day, but they were only the greenest of green ignorant Peasant boys, who had never seen a town or even the crude civilization which these Siberian towns afford. These poor boys had from two weeks to two months' training and never fired a gun, ammunition was too scarce. Snow was commencing to fall, yet these soldiers were being sent to the Front without overcoats or gloves. They were given quilted coats and trousers, similar in appearance to padded football pants. This clothing was sufficient as long as they kept going but as they had no blankets, they must have frozen at night.

Another very depressing incident for me was the wounding of two young Czech officers, within five minutes of the time they started their first fight, after arriving from Vladivostok.

These two officers were in command of two companies of the 10th Czech Regiment, with whom we had travelled a part of the way across Siberia. One of them was as fine a young fellow as you

would wish to meet. One was shot in the back, fortunately not seriously, and the other, the particularly nice one, was shot through the forearm and elbow, the bullet coming out near the shoulder. This was an extremely serious wound, as blood poison set in and the Doctors despaired of saving his life, but his fine physique pulled him through, and when I left he was on the way to a complete recovery, although he would always have a stiff arm. Itwas terrible to see this fine young fellow put up such a seemingly hopeless struggle for life. Many of the days I would call on him, he would not know me and it seemed as though he must burn up with fever, but finally one day he was better and then the improvement was steady.

There were concerts two or three times each week, given for this good cause or that. I went to two or three, but it became very tiresome and I preferred to remain in the car near to my responsibility.

One place I enjoyed very much was the Museum of the Natural History Society of Ekaterinburg. Ithad a very complete collection of all the Russian and Siberian Game Birds, a very wonderful collection of Ural Mountain Minerals and Stones.

In this Museum is a complete skeleton of a Mammoth, with pieces of its skin and hair. There are also several heads of the WOOLY Rhinoceros. These were all found at or near Kamishlof not far from Tjumen. I succeeded in buying a tooth which formerly belonged to a Mammoth. In this Museum there is a partial skeleton of the Irish Elk, with horns which measure 12 feet from end to end.

On the 27th of Oct. the weather had become sufficiently cold that when we had a snow storm of about a foot's depth, it remained and we had good sleighing.

In the meantime I had expended all my available money and it was necessary to return to Omsk to see how things were getting

along. Consequently I arranged things in Ekaterinburg so that unless something happened very unexpectedly, I would not be obliged to return there, so I took along the Consul with me and he would return with Major Slaughter to Ekaterinburg. We left Ekaterinburg on the 11th of November and you can well understand how happy and surprised to hear on our arrival at Omsk that Armistice had been declared and that everything had an altogether different look.

I was also in receipt of a telegram from Washington stating that I should cease my activities for the time being, which exactly coincided with my desires.

As a result of my representations to the Red Cross while at Ekaterinburg, the Vladivostok Office had succeeded in getting off two Hospital Trains and it resulted in our opening a 250 bed hospital at Tjumen and starting to open another of 1000 beds at Omsk and the shipping of a large quantity of medicines and bandages to the Czech and Russian Hospitals at the various points along the way, all of which were in distressing need of all kinds of supplies of this nature.

Dr. Teusler who had been appointed as regular head of the Red Cross, which position I had held temporarily until his arrival at Vladivostok in August, arrived with another hospital train in Omsk the day after my arrival. He had an extensive outfit with him and Carl Ackerman and Herman Bernstein were also on board as well as Donald Thompson, the Red Cross Photographer.

Dr. Teusler was on his way to Cheliabinsk and Ekaterinburg and then intended to return to Vladivostok. Dr. Teusler brought me the first mail I had received for over two months; I had also been unable to send any, as there were no regular trains much less any mail service.

I had received word from Consul General Harris that he was on his way from Irkutsk to Omsk and as I did not care to remain any longer at Omsk, I telegraphed him that I would meet him at Novo Nikolaevsk the next day, but he had not received my telegram for he had left Novo Nik - 30 minutes before we arrived. We remained long enough here to pick up a carload of white flour, having already bought a

tub of butter at Omsk; all of these supplies were for the Red Cross at Buckhedeu and Vladivostok, at both of which places prices were from two to five times the cost price at the places where we bought them.

We had left Omsk on the 16th, Novo Nik - on the 17th and Krasnoyarsk on the 18th just in time to see the Bolsheviks cutting the telegraph wires, but they were all caught and were safely marched away. Here we received a telegram from Czech Headquarters at Omsk that Aksentyev and his crowd had been arrested and that Koltchak was at the head as Dictator, and that for us to confine our telegrams to the Czech wire, which had an operator at every large station.

After a few minor delays and very slow progress we arrived at Irkutsk on the evening of the 21st. As I had business to attend to here, we remained over night, and as I had over 70 Czech invalids in three sanitary cars, we were also obliged to purchase supplies for them as well as for ourselves. Most of these invalids were tubercular cases and I was taking them to our Convalescent Hospital Boukedeu, where we had a fine location high up in the hills, which makes a fine place for patients suffering lung trouble.

On arriving at Irkutsk we were informed that the Bolsheviks had renewed their activities again, in spite of the fact that there were formerly 50 policemen on night duty and now there were 500, yet, two nights before our arrival, there were 21 robberies and murders committed during the night.

Also two Cossack Officers attended a Bolshevik meeting and were unfortunately apprehended and they were taken and spikes were driven through their epaulettes and they were otherwise tortured until they died.

Early the next morning we all went to the Bath House; there was quite a crowd of us in my returning party. There was Bishop Tucker of Japan, Mr. Smith, the Mining Engineer, Allan, my British friend, Mr. Thomas, the former British Consul at Ekaterinburg, two Red Cross men and two Y. M. C. A. men returning from Siberia. One of the Red Cross men was named Yarrow, he formerly attended Mt. Hermon when I was going to the same school. I had not seen him for over 20 years, and it certainly was a coincidence that we should meet in the middle of

Siberia as he had spent most of the last few years in Persia and Turkey, and was trying to get through to Turkey by the way of Turkestan, but, owing to the Bolshevik advance, he was obliged to return to China and continue his journey via India.

Our bath was greatly appreciated, as the water comes from the Angara River, which flows through Irkutsk on its way from Lake Baikal to the Yenesei River, which in turn flows into the Arctic Ocean. The Angara River is very clear and has a very rapid current and only in late January that it freezes over, in spite of the extreme cold weather at Irkutsk.

After the bath I went to the Consul General's and made arrangements regarding the disposal of over 2 million rubles, which they were holding at my disposal. Then I did several errands and returned to the train, very glad to get in out of the cold as the thermometer stood a few degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and I was still wearing B.V.D.'s and a medium weight soldier's overcoat, consequently, a heated car appealed to me.

As the district through which we would pass from Irkutsk to Baikal station and around the Lake was the scene of many of the Czechs' most brilliant efforts against the Bolsheviks, and besides the natural scenery around the Lake is very grand, I had decided to postpone leaving Irkutsk until 6 A.M. the following morning so as to enjoy the scenery myself as well as to give the poor invalid Czechs an opportunity to see it also, as it was certain that some of them would never have another chance. About 4 P.M. Thompson, the American Consul, and Nash, the British Consul, an old friend of mine from Moscow and Petrograd, came down to the car to call. When I pressed them to remain to dinner they declined, as they did not care to be out on the streets after dark. We compromised by my promising to send an escort of three of my soldiers along home with them.

At exactly six the next morning, we left Irkutsk on the last half of our long journey from the Urals to Vladivostok.

It was a wonderfully clear winter's morning, and the air was so much colder than the water of the Angara that the steam was continually rising and forming

heavy frost on all the trees near the river.

Irkutsk is about 45 miles from the Lake and we were from 6 A.M. until 4 P.M. travelling up the Angara and around the southern end of the Lake. The scenery was well worth waiting for, on the right were the high mountains and snowy valleys; fresh snow had fallen and there were no tracks except those of the wild animals as there are practically no inhabitants around this end of the Lake.

On the left was the Lake about 50 feet below and across the other side in the distance, were the chains of mountains with their snowy peaks. There was quite a nice beach along the southeastern shore of the Lake and there was a heavy surf breaking on the beach, —

(See next sheet)

looked very inviting from a bather's view point. But appearances are deceiving in this instance as the water of Baikal is so cold even in the hottest day of Summer, that one cannot any more than take a plunge and come out immediately as it is dangerous to attempt to swim as one is sure to get immediate cramp from the extreme cold water.

The Lake is 400 miles long and varies up to 40 miles wide and is 6000 feet deep in some places, which accounts for its cold water.

I had been having trouble with Stowaways, particularly Jews, who represented themselves as being Americans, but none of them had American Passports. I concluded that they were some of the many hundreds who flocked back to Russia at the time of the Revolution, hoping to get back in time to help themselves to some of the Bolshevik spoils that were being handed around so freely before the Czechs scared most of them out of Siberia or into hiding. The ones who applied to me certainly were "out of luck", if they were caught stealing a ride after I had refused them, I simply turned them over to the Japs who were guarding the railway and stated that they were suspicious characters who insisted in stealing a ride after I had refused them.

At Virkny Udinsk I finally reached the height of the high sounding titles, which had been bestowed upon me during my stay in Siberia from the first of May. At the time I crossed to Russia from Japan in April, on arriving at Tsuruga, the port of embarcation, the Japanese Port Authorities took me for a new American Ambassador going to Russia, and the Mayor and the Chief of Police made formal calls on me, and there was a great amount of ceremony and the more I denied it, the more convinced they were that I was trying to put something over on them. At Vladivostok I was known as Capt. Preston, because the War Dept. had cabled that a Capt. Preston would arrive there to undertake certain work. When my Red Cross activities started I was immediately called Doctor. On my Siberian trip I was called Colonel besides having the credit of being the Special Diplomatic Representative of the U.S.A. while all the time I was something that no one had called

me, that was a Major in the Red Cross, besides having a couple of other Government assignments, about which no one suspected. I considered the camouflage very good, but at Virkny Udinsk the Japanese Commander put on the finishing touches by paying his respects to me and addressing me as General and asking me if I had any wishes to express or orders to give.

The only thing I wanted was to put a little more speed into the railway. He saluted and left; if he gave the desired order, it certainly did not have any effect, for we fairly crawled.

Near Virkny Udinsk we met Jack Reifsnyder going out with a Red Cross train; he had a lot of letters for me and I had a most happy half a day reading the letters, and then I started at once to answer them as I could post them when I reached Harbin and they would go direct over to Japan and then on to America. As our train had been the first one into Siberia, we had not met any coming out, consequently, we could not post any letters as all the trains were following us and then we went so much further than any of the rest that we were out of reach of any of the Specials which followed us but only went as far as Omsk. It worked badly both ways,- we could not send any letters neither did we receive any.

Our progress towards the East was getting slower and slower, the stops at the various division stations, where we changed engines, were getting longer and longer, and I began to fear that we might come to a complete stop which was dangerous for me as I had too much money in cash and too much valuable material in my possession to take any unnecessary chances, and if it was a question of money to pay the various train crews for prompt service, I was ready to do business with them. It was not only dangerous from a standpoint that it was necessary that I should reach Vladivostok as soon as possible, but Semeonoff at Chita had protested against Koltchak having declared himself Dictator at Omsk, and Semeonoff threatened all kinds of trouble and I did not care to get mixed up in their troubles.

Fortunately, we at last reached Chita 2nd. This is the freight and roundhouse station for Chita proper, and it is at Chita 2nd that the engines are changed. Here was located the last Czech Station Commander. I went to him and told him that I

wanted to get through Chita without being held up and without attracting Semeonoff's attention, for if the latter tried to search our train, it would certainly end in trouble. There were 4 American Soldiers stationed here to keep the telegraph communications open, but they could not give me any information as they had only just arrived and besides they could not speak any Russian.

Fortunately everything went smoothly; we had a new engine hitched on, received a supply of wood and coal and then pulled into Chita, where we were only obliged to stop long enough to receive our right of way orders, which were waiting for us, thanks to the Czech Commander having telephoned on in advance of our arrival. Another thing in our favor was that Semeonoff was very busy getting his two Armoured Trains into good working order. We pulled in on the track next to the one where these Armoured Trains were standing, unfortunately, we were so close that I was unable to get a picture of either of them. They were made of steel and iron and painted a battleship grey and had the two fantastic names of "Revenge" and "The Terrible". No one seemed to pay much attention about us and with the exception of four soldiers requesting a ride to the next station, no one said anything to us.

The two armoured trains were manned by the worst looking band of cutthroats imaginable, and when we pulled in beside them, and I had a chance to look them over as they were working on the 3" and the machine guns, I smiled to myself when I thought how differently these same rascals would be acting if they knew that in addition to being th innocent looking Red Cross Train as we appeared to be, that I had a few million rubles board as well as other very valuable material.

We were in a tremendous hurry to get out of Chita, for every minute we remained there made the chances so much greater that some of Semeonoff's officers might take it into their heads to give us "the once over". We received our right of way orders and pulled out only to find that we had left behind one of the Czech soldiers whom Allan, unbeknown to me, had sent to buy some white bread at the Bakery near the station. I stopped the train and sent another of the soldiers back to look up the Czech and to

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help him bring along his purchases. It was only a few minutes before we saw him coming down the track with a big loaf of bread under each arm and a bottle of milk in each hand. When I questioned him, how he happened to be walking down the track as though he intended to overtake the train, he explained to me in his funny broken Russian that he knew as soon as I found that he had been left behind that I would stop the train and back up and pick him up, so all that he had to do was to keep on walking until he saw the train.

I was greatly relieved to get through Chita without having any unpleasant incidents, as I considered that Chita was the worst point and that after Manchuria Station that our troubles would be ended.

We were meeting with great difficulty in getting engines at all of the division stations where we changed engines.

When we arrived at the station of Adrianovka, where the double track line ceases and one line continues through Russian territory to Vladivostok, via Blagovestchinsk and Harbarovsk, and the other line continues as the Trans Baikal and branches off and goes down towards Manchuria across the Onon River at Ollivannia, also a single track line, it looked as though our troubles were about to begin in earnest. Standing in front of the station was a so-called Post Train which had been standing at the station for over 10 hours waiting for an engine to take it along to the next division.

After the Station Master had assured us that he would do the best he could for us, but that he could not promise us anything definite, it was plain to be seen that we would be obliged to help ourselves. I sent the young Czech Officer to look up an engineer, and to find out what the trouble was. I already knew that the employees on the Trans Baikal had not had any pay for over three months, and that they were very short of food. Consequently, I instructed the Czech Officer to offer the train crew a sqware meal and as much money as they demanded if it was anywhere within reason.

He came back and said that the engineer said that they would be glad to come, and if we would give them a good meal that they would leave the matter of money to us; that they would gladly do anything for the Americans and that they did not understand why the Americans did not take over the entire railway as they would gladly work

for the Americans, for then they knew that they would receive their pay and that their rolling stock and engines would be kept in proper shape. This was the same as was sta to me by various kinds of railway employees, from one end of Siberia to the other.

The engineer said that he would have the engine and the train crew ready in one and one half hours, and almost to the minute the engine backed up and hitched on, and we were on our way, leaving the Post Train still standing at the station.

We made fine time to Ollivannia and we gave the train crew 150 rubles and they were so well satisfied that the engineer went to the round house and succeeded in getting us an engine so that we only stood here about 2 hours. We went across the temporary bridge across the Onon without stopping, as they had during the time we had been gone, strengthened the temporary bridge so that they would allow locomotives to go across. The regular bridge was so far repaired with wooden false work that it would be possible to have trains go across that within a month or six weeks.

We made very slow time down to Manchuria station, there were heavy grades and the engines were not in the best of working order. When we finally arrived at Manchuria station, I fortunately found the same Russian Train Despatcher in charge as was there when I went West. He remembered me and also the box of cigars I gave him on my trip out. This helped us greatly, for while there was a tremendous amount of traffic waiting and the Custom House Officials were generally very fussy, this man put things i order so that we had an engine within an hour of our arrival and the Custom House Officials never came near us.

When we left Manchuria Post my troubles and worries were practically over, it was simply to have patience and sit quiet until we would finally reach Vladivostok.

The Chinese at this time, the 28th of December, was nominally under the management of the American Engineers Corps, but in reality they did not have any more to do with running the road than I did except that they prevented the Japanese from taking the road bodily away from the Russians, and using it the same as they have taken and developed the Southern Manchurian Railway.

The American Railway Engineers under the able leadership of Mr. Stevens and Colonel Emerson deserve the greatest praise. They have stood for over a year, con-

tinued disappointment, surroundings which were enough to discourage the hardiest and they have cheerfully put up with insults and slights and now after all these things I am happy to understand that they are finally to have the railways of Siberia under their control and that finally after this long time something is going to be done along the proper lines, thanks to the combined efforts of Mr. Stevens and our Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Roland Morris.

On arriving at Harbin, I found that it was the day picked for the Victory Celebration; I received several invitations to attend but after talking with Mr. Stevens and Colonel Emerson for about three hours, and finishing my Red Cross business, I was ready to leave for Vladivostok, as I had telegraphed Gen. Graves that I was on my way and suggested that he hold the Transport Thomas, which was there, until I could arrive with my material.

Bishop Tucker, Mr. Allen and the two Y.M.C.A. men left me here, the two first to go direct to Japan and the two latter to go to China by rail.

I picked up General Sir Herbert Powell, a Britisher who had come out to run the British Red Cross. He wished to go to Vladivostk and proved to be a most charming travelling companion, as he had seen long service in the British Army in India, Africa and other interesting placed.

General Graves had received my telegram and gave me orders to hold the Transport until I could reach Vladivostok. We arrived at about 1 A.M. of the 3rd of December and started to work on the material we had brought at 7 A.M. at American Staff Headquarters, and worked all day and even had our meals brought to us in the room where we were working. We worked all day and at 6 P.M. had the disappointment to realize that we had made a mistake, in our work. This came from the fact that we were very often interrupted and as a result, we were compelled to do the entire work all over agai

We finished the second time at 10 P.M. and we had found the mistake, so everything was all right and we sealed up the material and delivered personally to the waiting Transport at 11:30 that evening and the Transport sailed out at 5 A.M. the next morning.

I had had the responsibility and worry of having a large sum of money and very

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valuable material in my possession for about eleven weeks, and when I had delivered the material to the Transport and had squared up my accounts with the Consul, I certainly was in a position to feel as though some one had taken off my shoulders more care and worry than I hope to be obliged to carry in the future.

I found it hard to realize that I was free again, and that I really had done something that anyone else would have found very difficult to do because conditions and events seemed to fit themselves and the course of my work seemed to lead up to accomplishing my special mission just at the right moment and even if I had tried to do the same thing later, it is very possible that I would not have met with success, as it was, everything seemed to go just as I wished it to. Our money transactions were made at the very best exchange, and I succeeded in buying the material at about 25% lower than the limit given me, besides having made arrangements so that more can be purchased at any time in the future.

I was tired and rather under the weather, so I closed up my various lines of business at Vladivostok, including resigning my Commission in the Red Cross and left Vladivostok for Japan, intending to leave immediately for home, but on arriving at Yokohama, I found that I could not get passage before the end of January, so I came up to the U.S.Naval Hospital here at Yokohama and stayed with the Doctor in charge. I had known this Doctor Hoagland on the Brooklyn, and so it made it very pleasant for me.

He examined me very carefully and assured me that I was disgustingly healthy, that my headaches came from a slight nervous strain or tension and from overeating. He put me on a diet and now for a month I have not had the slightest sign of a headache and I feel fine. I was fortunate to get passage on the Pacific Mail Line Boat "Venezuela" which sails the 23rd, via Honolulu to San Francisco.

Untold Tale of War Hero

Platinum Needed by American Ar

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY.

THIS is the story of one of the unknown American heroes of the World War. On the surface there was no more splendor in his career than that which attaches to the ordinary trader, but actually he carried out brilliantly and with fine courage an extraordinarily difficult undertaking which during 1918 seemed to be highly important in the winning of the final victory.

The record of this by-adventure of the supreme adventure of our civilization is buried somewhere in the archives of the departments at Washington. The War Department knows something of it, and the Navy Department and the Department of Commerce and the present possessors of the papers of the War In- Industries Board all have their share of the facts. But the whole story is known also to two men who are willing to tell it. One of them is William C. Redfield, ex-Secretary of Commerce, and the other is B. S. Cutler, who was a division chief under Secretary Redfield and is now in business in New York.

Commerce price was too high. While the controversy was raging, the War Department commandeered the platinum, and the quarrel over the price was sent to the courts.

Enter Young Preston.

There it remained. One important result followed. The former source of supply was cut off. The adventurers and the speculators in Russia would no longer deal with the United States. The oral contract had been broken and they were no longer interested. But the army and the navy still needed platinum and Russia seemed to be the most promising market.

Officials of the Department of Commerce discussed the situation with a young American, Charles L. Preston, who had lived in Riga for several years. Mr. Preston had married a Russian woman. As the Russian agent of American shoe manufacturers he had traveled much. He was young—just under 33—and he had a sense of adventure.

Preston expressed the belief that the mines in the Ural Mountains had been

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Preston established intimate relations with the local authorities. A banker in Ekaterinburg was the chief quarry. This man was the agent of a number of men who possessed a large quantity of the desired metal.

Day by day the banker and the relief worker would bargain over the platinum. The Russian said he had 40,000 ounces. Every few days, in order to stimulate the eagerness of the American, he would announce that some of the metal had been withdrawn by the owner. Preston, strictly limited as he was in the price he could offer, was seriously handicapped in this game. Finally one day, to bring the matter to a test, he offered a high price for 100,000 ounces. Agents of the German War Office were also

* Column 4

the Consul General, who transferred it to the keeping of the Admiral of the American fleet.

Preston then took a boat to the United States. He went direct to Washington and made his report. Having completed his work, he went to his home at Campello, Mass., to visit his wife and his little son. Within three hours after he reached home he died, a victim of the strain of his work. All of the energy he had—and he is said to have been a powerful man—had been given to his adventure.

Such is the narrative of Charles L. Preston as it reached his superiors at Washington. Some day in his own words the experience may be related, for during the hazardous and weary months in Siberia the Colonel kept a diary which pictures in full details of his remarkable adventure. That record is almost the only possession of a one-time rich accumulation which Charles L. Preston left to his widow and son when he finished his work—besides the memory of inspiring achievement.

it. One of them is William C. Redfield, ex-Secretary of Commerce, and the other is B. S. Cutler, who was a division chief under Secretary Redfield and is now in business in New York.

Victory demanded imperiously many things in addition to untold human sacrifice. Some of these things were rare and hard to obtain. Among them was platinum. This precious metal was wanted for the contact points of airplane engines and of Liberty motors, and for certain other purposes essential in the making of war. Russia was, and is, the great source of platinum, but by the time the United States was well into the war Russia's successive revolutions had begun to lock the doors to outside commerce.

None the less platinum seemed essential. The United States, through the Department of Commerce, made two distinct efforts to bring the precious white metal out of Russia. The first was a prelude to the work of the man whose adventures and whose sacrifice are the occasion of this narrative. What happened in the first instance, however, so closely conditioned the attempt which was to follow that it is prerequisite to understanding the story.

Starting the Platinum Search.

Mr. Cutler, to whom was delegated the

traveled much. He was young—just under 33—and he had a sense of adventure.

Preston expressed the belief that the mines in the Ural Mountains had been productive long after the fall of the Czar and that platinum was to be had in that region. He also said that miners and soldiers and farmers in the country about the mines probably had small accumulations of the metal. He volunteered to attempt to buy what he could from such people. He was warned of the controversy over the price and was told he must not go above the figure then approved by the War Industries Board.

In such circumstances he started out from Vladivostok. The railroad service had broken down and after weeks of futile effort he was convinced that his attempt was in vain. In desperation he went to Tokio and tried to enlist the aid of some of his Japanese friends. That effort also was doomed, and he went back to Vladivostok. Then the American Red Cross, doing work in Siberia, sought his services. He jumped at the opportunity because he saw a chance to fulfill his original mission. The Red Cross commissioned him a Colonel and placed him in charge of a relief train. To this day, it is said, the Red Cross

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understanding the story.

Starting the Platinum Search.

Mr. Cutler, to whom was delegated the duty of buying platinum for the War Department through an arrangement between the then Secretaries Baker and Redfield, imagined that despite the Bolshevist revolution bankers and others in European Russia had come into the possession of large quantities of the metal. It was impossible, however, at the time openly to attempt to buy platinum from such men because the mere information of the existence of the metal would have invited confiscation by the Moscow Government. Accordingly, arrangements were made with two international adventurers and with a well known Russian business man who was willing to take part in the affair because it appeared to offer him a way of escape from Bolshevism.

The Department of Commerce made an oral contract with these three men to buy platinum at $105 an ounce, a price $10 above the old quotation in the United States, but $10 below the figure which then obtained.

By sundry methods these men obtained 90,000 ounces. To them was given the incentive of a relatively good price because of the grave physical risks in-

Cross commissioned him a Colonel and placed him in charge of a relief train. To this day, it is said, the Red Cross does not offically know that he was also working for the American Government on a highly important mission.

The relief train was well run by all accounts. As a Red Cross Colonel, Preston was a success. Under discouraging conditions, he carried the train forward deeper into the country. And in each town he searched for platinum. Usually he entered with as much pomp and ceremony as possible. His first procedure was to visit the chief officials of the community. A Red Cross Colonel was a large and commanding person and his native dignity was such that nearly everywhere he was asked to review the local troops. These troop reviews soon became a useful part of his routine, for through them he first became acquainted with the soldiers, many of whom had come from the Ural Mountains. As he got familiar enough with the people to avoid suspicion he would inquire about platinum. Actually he obtained much in this way. But all the while he was working back into the country nearer to the source of supplies.

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90,000 ounces. To them was given th incentive of a relatively good price because of the grave physical risks involved in the deal. They might at an time have been shot, and if caught the would certainly have been imprisoned Much of the platinum they got in Moscow, the larger quantities through former bankers. Then began a long an arduous trip across European Russi and through Siberia. The three me traveled together; yet they often pretended not to know each other. A times the metal was concealed in boxe of bread. Often the packages wer opened by guards and inspector Food was even then scarce enough i Russia to make men fight to retai what they had. Little surprise wa evinced by the inspectors, therefor when the adventurers resented interference with their bread boxes.

Often the travelers were compelled t stop for days in out-of-way places i Siberia. They knew that if they appeared to be in a hurry they would b arrested as suspicious characters. S they moved and rested and moved o again. Finally they reached Vladivo tok, and the platinum, representing fortune of large size, was shipped t New York. By the time it arrived a the express station in this city, a di

the country nearer to the source of supplies.

The strain of being both a Red Cross official, concerned only about relieving the needs of the people, and a scout for the American military machine, seeking to purchase secretly a needed war supply, was wearing on Preston. All his ingenuity, all his unusual powers of dealing with men, were called for. He had constantly to bargain closely. Behind him was the great need, and the precise instruction not to go above a definite figure. Limited in this way, necessary as the limitation undoubtedly was if national funds were not to be wasted, he had to continue:

The people he dealt with as a Red Cross agent must not be allowed to guess that he had other purposes. The Consul General at Vladivostok had allotted certain funds to him, and these were used for platinum. Often, however, he was compelled to barter with peasants and soldiers. Baked beans—"Boston Baked Beans," so ran the legend on the cans—were the currency through which some of the platinum was obtained. Then he reached Ekaterinburg.

In Ekaterinburg he lingered long. The four cars of his train were put on a side track, and his real campaign for plat-

it. One of them is William C. Redfield, ex-Secretary of Commerce, and the other is B. S. Cutler, who was a division chief under Secretary Redfield and is now in business in New York.

Victory demanded imperiously many things in addition to untold human sacrifice. Some of these things were rare and hard to obtain. Among them was platinum. This precious metal was wanted for the contact points of airplane engines and of Liberty motors, and for certain other purposes essential in the making of war. Russia was, and is, the great source of platinum, but by the time the United States was well into the war Russia's successive revolutions had begun to lock the doors to outside commerce.

None the less platinum seemed essential. The United States, through the Department of Commerce, made two distinct efforts to bring the precious white metal out of Russia. The first was a prelude to the work of the man whose adventures and whose sacrifice are the occasion of this narrative. What happened in the first instance, however, so closely conditioned the attempt which was to follow that it is prerequisite to understanding the story.

Starting the Platinum Search.

Mr. Cutler, to whom was delegated the traveled much. He was young—just under 33—and he had a sense of adventure.

Preston expressed the belief that the mines in the Ural Mountains had been productive long after the fall of the Czar and that platinum was to be had in that region. He also said that miners and soldiers and farmers in the country about the mines probably had small accumulations of the metal. He volunteered to attempt to buy what he could from such people. He was warned of the controversy over the price and was told he must not go above the figure then approved by the War Industries Board.

In such circumstances he started out from Vladivostok. The railroad service had broken down and after weeks of futile effort he was convinced that his attempt was in vain. In desperation he went to Tokio and tried to enlist the aid of some of his Japanese friends. That effort also was doomed, and he went back to Vladivostok. Then the American Red Cross, doing work in Siberia, sought his services. He jumped at the opportunity because he saw a chance to fulfill his original mission. The Red Cross commissioned him a Colonel and placed him in charge of a relief train. To this day, it is said, the Red Cross

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portunity, and the order went through. Finally it reached Ekaterinburg and a particularly brutal captain. This man, so ran the account brought back by Charles L. Preston, had the family huddled together in a room and shot to death.

Such was the story confided to the American as a mark of friendship.

But confidences are sometimes dangerous possessions, and soon, in a subtle way, Preston began to get word that if he expected to leave Russia alive he must go out quickly. He knew too much. So negotiation with the banker was hurried, and finally 20,000 ounces of platinum were obtained from him. Then the hard way out of Siberia was traversed. Here and there the Red Cross Colonel was compelled to be a road builder. He stopped in various places to administer relief. All the while he continued to buy platinum. Finally, after about six months, he reached Vladivostok and delivered his accumulations of about 50,000 ounces to

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In Ekaterinburg he lingered long. The four cars of his train were put on a side track, and his real campaign for platinum began. The Red Cross Colonel used all the pomp and circumstance he could arrange. Music and military reviews were blended with relief work.

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CHARLES L. PRESTON
(OUTLOOK, July 11, 1923)

A MONUMENTAL QUEST FOR PLATINUM

The manufacture of war explosives required the use of platinum for certain chemical processes, and it was necessary soon after we entered the war to secure an unusual quantity of this precious metal. The chief source of supply was Russia, and at the request of the War Department the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce purchased through agents in Petrograd some sixteen thousand ounces, which was duly shipped to this country, consigned to the Secretary of Commerce. Its value was then from $95 to $105 per ounce, and it was with much relief that the costly material was turned over on its arrival to the War Department. It became evident, however, that still more was required to satisfy the appetite of the cannon for explosives, but by this time, early in 1918, the Russian Revolution had closed the former avenues of purchase. Still the "vitally necessary" platinum must be had "almost at any cost", the record says, and it could be found in sufficient quantity only in Russia.

Emergencies are said to bring the men able to cope with them; certainly this crisis found in Charles Preston those combined qualities which led to his selection to carry out a desperate enterprise. Mr. Preston had been connected with the Department of Commerce for service in Russia, where he had lived twelve years; he "spoke the language and was familiar with the Russian people."

Chosen by the War Department for the dangerous duty, because of his peculiar fitness for it, he volunteered to serve without compensation. "His mission was necessarily a secret one," and he undertook it as a civilian. Let us look at the man for a moment before he enters on his perilous task. Mr. Preston was a young business man who was not quite forty years of age when the story opens. He had been connected with a great shoe-manufacturing company for seventeen years. He had become experienced as a collector and buyer of hides for several large concerns, and had been successful in 1916 in removing a large quantity of calf skins from Riga under circumstances of great difficulty. A friend writes: "The character of Mr. Charles Preston was notable in that it combined a youthful spirit of adventure with a sober business sense which the big industrial men respected highly; at one time he could be a dashing and handsome young man driving a sporty motor car at a seaside resort, and at another time a man who would negotiate relentlessly for a business advantage with the keenest commercial minds in Russia."

The task before him was one to tax the powers of the ablest. He was secretly to take a large sum ($2,500,000), enter Siberia and go as far as was necessary to secure its value in platinum. This he was to bring back to Vladivostok and deliver there to our Government representative. It was known that the Trans-Siberian Railway line was broken and that hard fighting was going on along the line. The country near the railway was infested with robber bands to whom all save themselves were foes. It was doubtful if one could penetrate for the thousands of miles it might be necessary to travel to accomplish the result. Most uncertain of all was the return.

All the dangers were accentuated by the precious freight to be carried both ways. This young American business man willingly under-

took the desperate task. He kept a journal of his experiences, which is all too brief and in which his major task is nearly invisible. It permits, however, when supplemented by facts derived from other sources, such knowledge of his noble and unselfish service as even his modesty could not wholly conceal.

Arriving at Vladivostok about the first of May, 1918, he found the city in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Life at a so-called hotel was nearly impossible; food and service were bad and cleanliness could not be had. He was welcomed on board our flagship Brooklyn and remained there some months. He succeeded during this period in accomplishing a part of his work, but, as it was impossible to get sufficient quantities of platinum, he "found it imperative to travel to the center of Siberia," and perhaps to "continue to the Ural Mountains."

On June 29 the Czechoslovaks in their marvelous Odyssey captured Vladivostok and gradually secured control of the railway lines connecting that port with the main Trans-Siberian Railway. In August Allied troops arrived in Vladivostok, and on the 27th of that month our own infantry came from the Philippines. By this time the Czech troops were scattered at intervals along the railway from Central Siberia eastward, holding it temporarily in partial control.

By several months of patient, adept effort, Mr. Preston had secured the cooperation not only of the American Consul and officers, but of Russian officials. Meanwhile the manager of the Russian end of the Red Cross concluded that Preston was the best available man to conduct a trainload of hospital supplies through to Irkutsk, in Siberia. This idea appealed to Preston as a means of entrance which would permit getting small lots of platinum from time to time from wandering soldiers and from the secret stocks of noblemen while moving toward his main design. The Red Cross work was at once sincere and useful service and invaluable camouflage. He therefore became a major in the Red Cross, commissioned "to proceed to the interior, ostensibly for the purpose of establishing Red Cross hospitals for the relief of the Czechoslovaks." This humane duty he did well, for before he left Vladivostok he organized a hospital at the port under great difficulties, another at Harbin, and a third farther north. This work occupied the time until September first.

The arrival of troops and the temporary success of the Czechs in Siberia made it then possible to start with the carefully developed Red Cross record as an effective background. With amazing skill and a happy combination of authority, diplomacy, and bluff - he said he hardly knew how it was done - he secured a train from the local railway officials. It was loaded with supplies and with the cash he had to carry, and after "much preparation and hard work" he started west on September 14. There were six in the party besides four American soldiers assigned as guards, two Chinese cooks, and a Russian porter. This was the first train that went west over the Trans-Siberian Railway after its operations were interrupted by the Bolsheviks.

Four hours after their start there were signs of trouble ahead. They met the Czech Commander in a train taken from the Bolsheviks. It "showed plainly the bullet holes, broken windows, and generally battered condition which one expects to find on a train that had gone through such ordeals as many of the trains on the Siberian railways were obliged to undergo. Practically all of the fighting was done along the railways, and a greater part of the damage was done to railway property, as bridges destroyed, water towers blown up, and coal and wood

burned in wholesale quantities meant just so much more trouble and delay to those who were attempting to get the railways into working order."

At Harbin the Russian transportation manager refused to furnish a dining car that had been promised. "By pure bluff" Mr. Preston "bearded him in his den" - "just to show that he couldn't keep an American out by refusing to see him. . . . . We succeeded in doing exactly as we had made up our minds to do."

He got the car, cleaned and stocked it, and was off in a half day. On the 19th a pro-Bolshevik official refused to furnish an engine, saying there was no fireman. Preston said he would furnish one. Then there was no engineer, etc. On investigation, he found three engines with steam up and with full crews: "the station-master and the round house master were delaying us out of pure cussedness." They were invited either to supply an engine at once or to have an interview with the Japanese guard.

"I am sure," said Preston,"the Japs will be able to convince you that I have a right to an engine." They got the engine. Farther on they were fortunate enough to be hitched to a Czech troop train of sixty-five cars. They went slowly, for there had been "heavy fighting less than six weeks before." ... "Many bridges and culverts had been blown up by the Bolsheviks, and the temporary ones were a little shaky." The water-towers were gone, and all fuel. The Czech soldiers scoured the country to collect old ties and pieces of wood "to have enough fuel to keep steam." The journal proceeds: "In many places the country looked as though a cyclone had struck it; . . . houses and barns had been burned. . . . . there were many traces of wrecked trains" and remains of abandoned plunder. An important bridge was gone, but a temporary one was erected "on a level with the (water in the) river, but when it rained the water overflowed the bridge." It would not support an engine, so the train was pushed down onto this bridge; then an engine crept cautiously down the opposite bank and pulled the train up. The damage to the line was such that on some days they could run less than 160 miles in twenty-four hours.

At Chita and elsewhere they "were swamped with requests for permission to ride, which it was necessary to refuse." Some "very officious" Russian officers were told they "could ride in the freight car on the rear of our train, which served as a caboose for our train crew." From Chita west there was less trouble, because of Czech control of the line. One tunnel was blown up, and Mr. Preston gives a vivid account of the combats for mastery on the railway. Irkutsk was found to have been the scene of desperate fighting.

"The town is spattered with bullet marks . . . . many public buildings have been burned or blown up . . . . the Governor's palace . . . . is one mass of bullet marks." It was found there that the information received before the start regarding platinum was "absolutely unreliable", and there was no "hope to have any success unless I continued my journey to the Ural Mountains." The railway westward was at the time less disturbed. One bridge guard was "made up of forty men; thirty had boots and twenty-five had rifles, so that they were obliged to take turns in wearing the boots and carrying the rifles." At Omsk there was plenty of food; indeed, during the trip "of nearly twelve weeks, covering about nine thousand miles, at no time were we without a plentiful supply of white bread. There was an abundance of every-

thing that Siberia produced, but the unfortunate conditions (political) and the crippled . . . railway, together with the utter indifference . . . . shown by . . . every government official, made the distribution of these immense supplies impossible. Sugar, tea, tobacco, cloth, leather, medicines . . . did not exist."

They pressed on westward. At one station "there were eight different kinds of soldiers to be seen on the station platform and endless numbers of refugees." All along the route Red Cross supplies were furnished to the Czechs, who were without money, supplies, rifles, ammunition, or clothing, and "slowly but surely being sacrificed man by man" for lack of support. So doing hospital work on the way and ordering by wire further Red Cross materials to be sent up from Vladivostok, Preston pushed ahead even to Ekaterinburg, in European Russia, then but forty miles from the fighting front, which was being steadily forced eastward. There he found active help from the American Consul for his "particular business."

He visited the house in which the Czar was murdered, and gives a detailed account of the massacre of the imperial family and of other Bolshevik outrages. He succeeded in getting all the platinum which the local banks had and made arrangements for more. Nevertheless Mr. Preston records that the month he spent in Ekaterinburg while collecting platinum"was one of the dreariest and most depressing periods of my life. There was misery and suffering on all sides." By November 11 he "had expended all the avilable money and it was necessary to return." So taking the consul along he started back.

At Omsk we heard of the Armistice and received "a telegram from Washington stating that I should cease my activities for the time being, which exactly coincided with my desires." There remained only the duty of getting out with his purchases. So, eastward, keeping his treasure concealed so far as possible under his mattress, picking up a car of flour for the hospital at Vladivostok, seeing some Bolsheviks caught at cutting the telegraph wires, transporting meanwhile seventy invalided Czechs in three sanitary cars of his train, he went back to Irkutsk on November 21. There "Bolsheviks had renewed their activities" and "two nights before our arrival there were twenty-one robberies and murders committed during the night."

To the east of Irkutsk new worries arose. Semenoff at Chita had protested against Kolchak's dictatorship and was threatening "all kinds of trouble." Mr. Preston "had too much money in cash and too much valuable material" in his possession to take any unnecessary chances. Nevertheless at Chita his train pulled in on the track next to one where two of Semenoff's armored trains were standing. They "were manned by the worst-looking lot of cutthroats imaginable." Mr. Preston writes: "I smile . . . when I thought how . . . these same rascals would be acting if they knew that in addition to being the innocent Red Cross train, as we appeared to be, I had a few million (gold) rubles on board as well as other very valuable materials."

"Naturally, he was in a tremendous hurry to get out of Chita," and after an unexpected delay because a Czech soldier had gone off to buy bread he "was greatly relieved to get out of Chita without any unpleasant incidents, for he thought Chita was the worst point." It was just then that "it looked as though our troubles were about to begin in earnestness" for at a junction they ran behind a so-called Post Train that had been waiting ten hours for an engine.

The station-master would promise nothing, so Mr. Preston took things in his own hands. Finding the railway workmen had not been paid for three months and were short of food, he offered for a train crew "a square meal and as much money as they demanded if it was anywhere within reason." In an hour and a half they were on their way, leaving the Post Train behind them.

From this time on there were no serious troubles. On December 3, at 1 a.m., he arrived at Vladivostok. There they worked from seven in the morning until ten that night, packing and sealing the material they had brought. It was delivered to our waiting transport at 11:30 p.m., and the ship sailed at five in the morning. He felt "as though someone had taken off my shoulders more care and worry than I hope to carry in the future."

He had done his work, and done it well. The platinum was bought at about twenty-five per cent less than the limit given him. "I was tired and under the weather," he writes. He resigned his Red Cross Commission and sailed December 23, 1918, for home. The following despatch, dated February 17, 1919, tells what followed:

> Charles Preston arrived home to his family apparently in good health. One hour later suffered a shock from which he never regained consciousness and died about six o'clock this evening.

In recommending him for a Distinguished Service Medal - which for technical reasons was never awarded - it was said: "This journey was accomplished only by overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties and at constant and great personal hazard and hardship, and was only carried out by the exercise of remarkable energy, tact, and bravery." It was suggested that his citation read:

> FOR EXCEPTIONALLY MERITORIOUS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT IN CARRYING OUT A SECRET MISSION TO THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA, WHILE THAT COUNTRY WAS IN THE THROES OF THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION FOR THE PURPOSE OF OBTAINING A QUANTITY OF PLATINUM VITALLY NECESSARY TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH REQUIRED A REMARKABLE DEGREE OF BUSINESS ABILITY, TACT, AND UNFLINCHING COURAGE, AND WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT GREAT AND CONSTANT PERSONAL RISK AND HARDSHIP.

"His mission," wrote the Chief of Ordnance, "which he accomplished with signal success, was of great value, and if, as I understand, he contracted the malady from which he died while so serving the Government, he as truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield."

I deem it a privilege to give to his fellow-countrymen this story of the heroic service of Charles L. Preston.

Further materials and information regarding Charles L. Preston are in the possession of the Northfield Historical Society, Northfield, Mass. Information may be secured by contacting the president, or the curator of the museum.

The man with
Northfield can cla

By RALPH E. GORDON
Greenfield Bureau Chief

NORTHFIELD--James Bond had his Goldfinger, but Northfield residents can claim a Platinum-hand, though few people know of it.

Probably few men in history even handled as much platinum at one time as Northfield native Charles L. Preston, a citizen hero of World War I.

He crossed Siberia by rail to bring back $2.5-million worth of the precious metal, and that's in 1918 dollars.

Town officials are now talking about creating a new memorial for World War II, Korean and Viet Nam veterans.

Yet few people in town know the exploits of Preston, whose large stone monument dominates the foyer of town hall.

When errected, at a cost of $300, on Feb. 4, 1929, it received one paragraph in the Greenfield newspaper.

Yet Preston's quest for platinum, for manufature of U. S. munitions, reads like a Bond novel, the great train robbery of the Civil War, and the intrigue of the Orient Express.

Preston was an employee of the U. S. Department of Commerce.

The chief source of platinum at that time was Russia. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce purchased 16,000 ounces from agents in Petrograd, at $95 to $105 an ounce.

That shipment arrived in the U. S. without trouble, but by the time officials realized more was needed, the Russian Revolution had closed normal avenues of purchase.

According to a 1923 article in "The Outlook" an old Commerce Department publication, "the vitally necessary platinum must be had almost at any cost, and it could be found in sufficient quantity only in Russia."

Preston, as fate would have it, had lived in Russia 12-years, spoke the language, and was familiar with customs, owing to his earlier work buying hides for a shoe-manufaturer.

Long before anyone heard of James Bond, Preston was described in the magazine by a "friend".

"At one time he could be a dashing and handsome young man driving a sporty motor car at a seaside resort, and at another time a man who could negotiate relentlessly for a business advantage with the keenest commercial minds in Russia."

Preston was to enter Russia at Vladivostok, travel the Trans-Siberian Railway as far as necessary to obtan the platinum, and return it to Vladivostok to an American warship.

In May 1918, Vladivostok was already in the hands of Bolsheviks. While there, Preston trianed for his assignment aboard the flagship U. S. S. Brooklyn, and was able to buy part of the platinum from local sources.

However, he found it imperative to travel to central Siberia, and perhaps all the way to the Ural Mountains, to find adequate supplies.

In June, the Czechoslovaks captured Vladivostok and secured the railrway lines. American troops arrived in August from the Philippines.

It was now that Preston went under cover, as a Red Cross agent, to direct operation of trainload of hospital supplies, and actually did set up three hospitals during the trip

Somehow he acquired a train--one report termed it "bluff"–loaded it with the supplies, and headed West on Sept. 14, 1918.

Two disguised American soliders guarded the hidden $2.5-million.

Four hours into the trip, trouble started. At Harbin, the Russian transportation manager refused to furnish a dining-car.

Preston's report says, "By pure

raised the tuition from | As you wind down the road a speck, turn off into Gill and here The

the platinum hand

im its own James Bond

claiming no firemen available.

Preston said he would find one.

Then they claimed no engineers available.

On investigation, Preston found three crews available with steam up on the engines.

Preston then threatened the official with, "an interview with the Japanese railway guards," telling him, "I am sure the Japs will be able to convince you that I have a right to an engine."

They got the engine.

The report speaks of shattered bridges, small burned out towns, of Czech soldiers having to scour the countryside for wood to fuel the engines, of traces of wrecked trains, and one temporary bridge right at water level.

The temporary bridge was so rickety it would not support an engine, so Preston had the cars pushed onto the bridge, and then an engine eased onto the bridge from the other side to remove the train.

Some days damage to the rail lines was so heavy the maximum run was limited to 160-miles.

At Chita the train had to run the hail of gunfire in a fight over a tunnel. It was here Preston learned platinum was unavailable in the area, and that he would, in fact, have to travel all the way to the Ural Mountains.

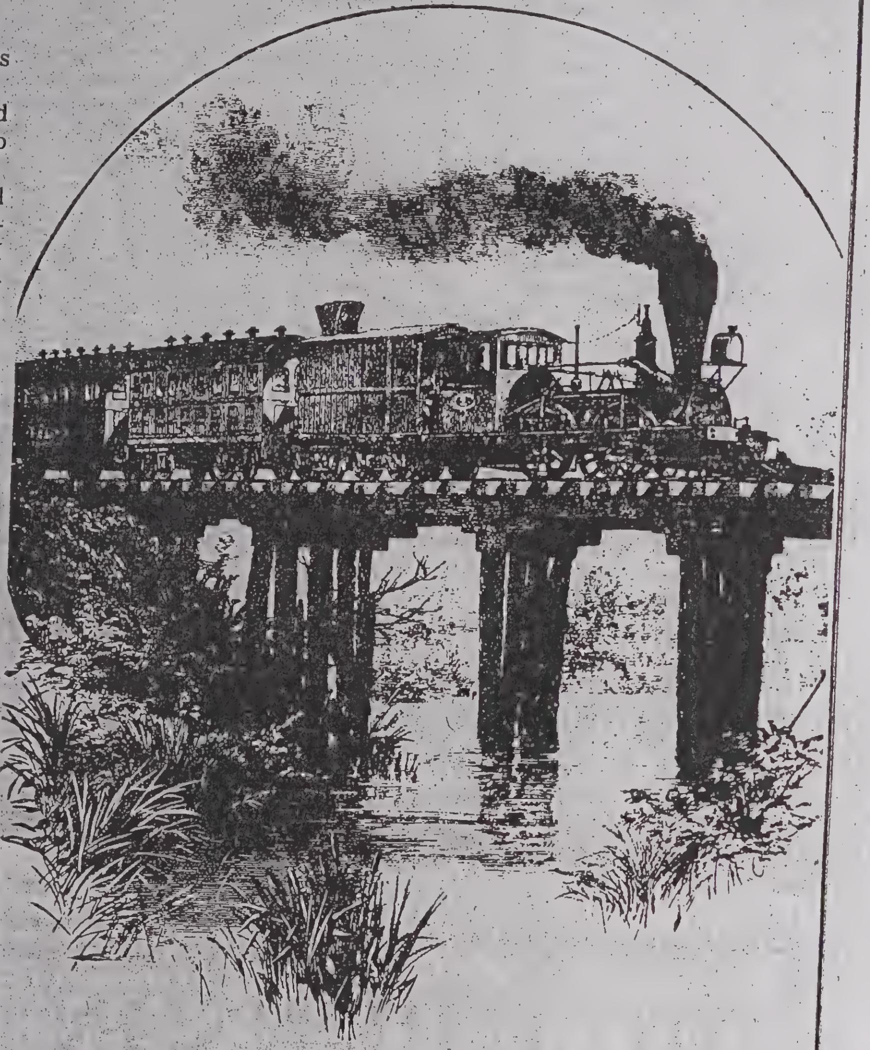
As the train pushed deeper into Russia, more and more of the Red Cross supplies had to be distributed to the Czech soldiers who, according to the account, were without money, supplies, ammunition or clothing, and were slowly being decimated because of lack of support.

The train finally reached Ekaterinburg, 40-miles from the eastern front, where he obtained all the platinum the local banks had on hand and "made arrangements" for more.

The month it took to purchase all remaining platinum in the area, he termed, "one of the dreariest and most drpressing periods of my life--there was misery and suffering on all sides."

By Nov. 11, he had spent all the money intended for purchase of platinum, and headed East again.

When the train reached Omsk, they



Preston noted he, "had too much cash and too much valuable material in possession to take chances."

At times he, "slept with the platinum under the mattress."

When the train pulled in beside a armored trainload of Semenoff's troops, "manned by the worst looking lot of cutthroats immaginable," Preston noted, "I smile when I thought how these same rascals would be acting if they knew that in addition to being the innocent Red cross train, as we appeared to be, I had a few million gold rubles on board, as well as other very valuable materials."

The armored train finally pulled away without trouble, but a lost Czech guard, who'd gone to town to buy bread, again delayed the train.

The trouble wasn't over.

Even as the train reached the last main junction point, they found train

The train arrived in Vladivostok at 1 a.m., Dec. 3. After three hours work, the platinum was safely stored in an American ship.

Preston sailed for home Dec. 23.

Ironicly, after facing the hazards of Siberia and Russia, Preston was to die of a heart attack after reaching his new home in Brookline.

A government dispatch noted he, "died six hours after arriving home from one of the most daring missions ever undertaken."

The then Chief of Ordinance, Major Genera George Williams, wrote, "if, as I understand, he contracted the malady from which he died while so serving the government, he as truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield."

The comment is enshrined on the

Northfield Man Hero

(Continued From Page Ten)

services to the government in carrying out a secret mission to the interior of Russia, while that country was in the throes of the Bolshevik revolution, for the purpose of obtaining a quantity of platinum vitally necessary to the military operations of the government, which required a remarkable degree of business ability, tact, and unflinching courage, and which was successfully performed at great and constant personal risk and hardship."

Hearing of Preston's death, the Chief of Ordnance wrote in part, "He truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield."

Preston's wife and small son moved to California. His service was all but forgotten until a Northfield School principal sparked some civic pride and interest. The town erected a monument to Preston in the town hall in 1929.

Fifty years later this Northfield native son is all but forgotten. He was a man who served two gods in his courageous quest—the god of war to obtain the platinum and the god of peace to relieve suffering of his fellow man. This high endeavor took him half way around the world and placed him in the heart of a bloody revolution. It was a true test of a man's character and Charles Leroy Preston gave his best —his very life to serve his country and his fellowman. The impossible mission was completed.

UNTOLD TALE OF WAR HERO

Charles L. Preston's Sacrifice in Hunting Russian Platinum Needed by American Army

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY.

THIS is the story of one of the unknown A̶merican heroes of the World War. On the surface there was no more splendor in his career than that which attaches to the ordinary trader, but actually he carried out brilliantly and with fine courage an extraordinarily difficult undertaking which during 1918 seemed to be highly important in the winning of the final victory.

The record of this by-adventure of the supreme adventure of our civilization is buried somewhere in the archives of the departments at Washington. The War Department knows something of it, and the Navy Department and the Department of Commerce and the present possessors of the papers of the War Industries Board all have their share of the facts. But the whole story is known also to two men who are willing to tell it. One of them is William C. Redfield, ex-Secretary of Commerce, and the other is B. S. Cutler, who was a division chief under Secretary Redfield and is now in business in New York.

Victory demanded imperiously many things in addition to untold human sacrifice. Some of these things were rare and hard to obtain. Among them was platinum. This precious metal was wanted for the contact points of airplane engines and of Liberty motors, and for certain other purposes essential in the making of war. Russia was, and is, the great source of platinum, but by the time the United States was well into the war Russia's successive revolutions had begun to lock the doors to outside commerce.

None the less platinum seemed essential. The United States, through the Department of Commerce, made two distinct efforts to bring the precious white metal out of Russia. The first was a prelude to the work of the man whose adventures and whose sacrifice are the occasion of this narrative. What happened in the first instance, however, so closely conditioned the attempt which was to follow that it is prerequisite to understanding the story.

Starting the Platinum Search.

Mr. Cutler, to whom was delegated the duty of buying platinum for the War Department through an arrangement between the then Secretaries Baker and Redfield, imagined that despite the Bolshevist revolution bankers and others in European Russia had come into the possession of large quantities of the metal. It was impossible, however, at the time openly to attempt to buy platinum from such men because the mere information of the existence of the metal would have invited confiscation by the Moscow Government. Accordingly, arrangements were made with two international adventurers and with a well known Russian business man who was willing to take part in the affair because it appeared to offer him a way of escape from Bolshevism.

The Department of Commerce made an oral contract with these three men to buy platinum at $105 an ounce, a price $10 above the old quotation in the United States, but $10 below the figure which then obtained.

By sundry methods these men obtained 90,000 ounces. To them was given the incentive of a relatively good price because of the grave physical risks involved in the deal. They might at any time have been shot, and if caught they would certainly have been imprisoned. Much of the platinum they got in Moscow, the larger quantities through former bankers. Then began a long and arduous trip across European Russia and through Siberia. The three men traveled together; yet they often pretended not to know each other. At times the metal was concealed in boxes of bread. Often the packages were opened by guards and inspectors. Food was even then scarce enough in Russia to make men fight to retain what they had. Little surprise was evinced by the inspectors, therefore, when the adventurers resented interference with their bread boxes.

Often the travelers were compelled to stop for days in out-of-way places in Siberia. They knew that if they appeared to be in a hurry they would be arrested as suspicious characters. So they moved and rested and moved on again. Finally they reached Vladivostok, and the platinum, representing a fortune of large size, was shipped to New York. By the time it arrived at the express station in this city, a difference of opinion concerning the proper price to pay for platinum had developed in Washington. The War Industries Board ruled that the Department of Commerce price was too high. While the controversy was raging, the War Department commandeered the platinum, and the quarrel over the price was sent to the courts.

Enter Young Preston.

There it remained. One important result followed. The former source of supply was cut off. The adventurers and the speculators in Russia would no longer deal with the United States. The oral contract had been broken and they were no longer interested. But the army and the navy still needed platinum and Russia seemed to be the most promising market.

Officials of the Department of Commerce discussed the situation with a young American, Charles L. Preston, who had lived in Riga for several years. Mr. Preston had married a Russian woman. As the Russian agent of American shoe manufacturers he had traveled much. He was young—just under 33—and he had a sense of adventure.

Preston expressed the belief that the mines in the Ural Mountains had been productive long after the fall of the Czar and that platinum was to be had in that region. He also said that miners and soldiers and farmers in the country about the mines probably had small accumulations of the metal. He volunteered to attempt to buy what he could from such people. He was warned of the controversy over the price and was told he must not go above the figure then approved by the War Industries Board.

In such circumstances he started out from Vladivostok. The railroad service had broken down and after weeks of futile effort he was convinced that his attempt was in vain. In desperation he went to Tokio and tried to enlist the aid of some of his Japanese friends. That effort also was doomed, and he went back to Vladivostok. Then the American Red Cross, doing work in Siberia, sought his services. He jumped at the opportunity because he saw a chance to fulfill his original mission. The Red Cross commissioned him a Colonel and placed him in charge of a relief train. To this day, it is said, the Red Cross does not offically know that he was also working for the American Government on a highly important mission.

The relief train was well run by all accounts. As a Red Cross Colonel, Preston was a success. Under discouraging conditions, he carried the train forward deeper into the country. And in each town he searched for platinum. Usually he entered with as much pomp and ceremony as possible. His first procedure was to visit the chief officials of the community. A Red Cross Colonel was a large and commanding person and his native dignity was such that nearly everywhere he was asked to review the local troops. These troop reviews soon became a useful part of his routine, for through them he first became acquainted with the soldiers, many of whom had come from the Ural Mountains. As he got familiar enough with the people to avoid suspicion he would inquire about platinum. Actually he obtained much in this way. But all the while he was working back into the country nearer to the source of supplies.

The strain of being both a Red Cross official, concerned only about relieving the needs of the people, and a scout for the American military machine, seeking to purchase secretly a needed war supply, was wearing on Preston. All his ingenuity, all his unusual powers of dealing with men, were called for. He had constantly to bargain closely. Behind him was the great need, and the precise instruction not to go above a definite figure. Limited in this way, necessary as the limitation undoubtedly was if national funds were not to be wasted, he had to continue.

The people he dealt with as a Red Cross agent must not be allowed to guess that he had other purposes. The Consul General at Vladivostok had allotted certain funds to him, and these were used for platinum. Often, however, he was compelled to barter with peasants and soldiers. Baked beans—"Boston Baked Beans," so ran the legend on the cans—were the currency through which some of the platinum was obtained. Then he reached Ekaterinburg.

In Ekaterinburg he lingered long. The four cars of his train were put on a side track, and his real campaign for platinum began. The Red Cross Colonel used all the pomp and circumstance he could arrange. Music and military reviews were blended with relief work. Preston established intimate relations with the local authorities. A banker in Ekaterinburg was the chief quarry. This man was the agent of a number of men who possessed a large quantity of the desired metal.

Day by day the banker and the relief worker would bargain over the platinum. The Russian said he had 40,000 ounces. Every few days, in order to stimulate the eagerness of the American, he would announce that some of the metal had been withdrawn by the owner. Preston, strictly limited as he was in the price he could offer, was seriously handicapped in this game. Finally one day, to bring the matter to a test, he offered a high price for 100,000 ounces. Agents of the German War Office were also secretly negotiating for the platinum, and the American found that he could not obtain so large a quantity at any price.

Then a curious situation developed. In order to do his work effectually, Preston had cultivated the local military authorities. Through the commandant in Ekaterinburg he was taken to the house where the Czar Nicholas had been confined and where the royal family had been murdered. One day, as a mark of friendship, the story, or a story, was told the Red Cross Colonel and he was taken through the house, and the scene was re-enacted for him. As later he recounted it to Mr. Cutler, the facts were that one of the minor officials at Moscow gave the order for killing the Czar without the sanction of his superiors. The man, who happened to be in charge of all prisoners in Russia, used his opportunity, and the order went through. Finally it reached Ekaterinburg and a particularly brutal captain. This man, so ran the account brought back by Charles L. Preston, had the family huddled together in a room and shot to death.

Such was the story confided to the American as a mark of friendship.

But confidences are sometimes dangerous possessions, and soon, in a subtle way, Preston began to get word that if he expected to leave Russia alive he must go out quickly. He knew too much. So negotiation with the banker was hurried, and finally 20,000 ounces of platinum were obtained from him. Then the hard way out of Siberia was traversed. Here and there the Red Cross Colonel was compelled to be a road builder. He stopped in various places to administer relief. All the while he continued to buy platinum. Finally, after about six months, he reached Vladivostok and delivered his accumulations of about 50,000 ounces to the Consul General, who transferred it to the keeping of the Admiral of the American fleet.

Preston then took a boat to the United States. He went direct to Washington and made his report. Having completed his work, he went to his home at Campello, Mass., to visit his wife and his little son. Within three hours after he reached home he died, a victim of the strain of his work. All of the energy he had—and he is said to have been a powerful man—had been given to his adventure.

Such is the narrative of Charles L. Preston as it reached his superiors at Washington. Some day in his own words the experience may be related, for during the hazardous and weary months in Siberia the Colonel kept a diary which pictures in full details of his remarkable adventure. That record is almost the only possession of a one-time rich accumulation which Charles L. Preston left to his widow and son when he finished his work—besides the memory of inspiring achievement.

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NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
KENARDEN HALL

COPY

WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of Chief Of Ordnance

July 31, 1919

My dear Mrs. Preston:-

The recommendation by Brig. Gen. Samuel McRoberts for the post humous award of the Distinguished Service Medal to your husband has today my attention, and I hasten to inform you that I am referring the facts in the case to the Board of Officers convened to consider recommendations for award of the Distinguished Service Medal. Due to the number of officers who, by virtue of their meritorious service during the recent war, have been recommended for this Medal, it is to be expected that some time will elapse before action is taken in this particular case, but I shall be glad to inform you personally as soon as I learn the outcome.

It gives me much pleasure to do whatever is in my power to secure recognition of Mr. Prewton's services to the Government in the procurement of platinum from Siberia. This mission, which he accomplished with signal success, was of great value, and if, as I understand, he contracted the malady from which he died while so serving the Government, he as truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield. There is nothing that I can say which will increase the pride you feel in the heroism of your husband nor diminish the great sorrow you are enduring, but it is some slight satisfaction to me to express to you, on behalf of the Ordnance Department, the sympathy and regret that is felt as well as deep appreciation of the exceptionally meritorious service of Mr. Preston.

Sincerely yours,

C. C. Williams
Major General, U. S. A.
Chief of Ordnance

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
~~CHARLES E. DICKERSON, PRINCIPAL~~

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
KENARDEN HALL

COPY

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
National Headquarters
March 11, 1919.

Mrs. Charles L. Preston,
118 Pleasant Street,
Brookline, Mass.

My dear Mrs, Preston:

We have read with great regret of the death of your husband, Mr. Charles L. Preston.

Last year when the Red Cross decided to send a Commission to Siberia we got in touch with Mr. Preston by cable and he stepped into the breech and was most effective in starting our work there. Although Mr. Preston was very much occupied at the time with work he was doing for the United States Government, he most patrioticly and generously consented to act for the American Red Cross as well. The judgement and ability which he showed at this trying time in aiding the cause of humanity and the Red Cross was very much appreciated by all of us, and I take this opportunity to express to you our sincere appreciation of his aid and the shock and regret which his death has been to both myself and my associates.

I am enclosing, under separate cover, Mr. Preston's commission as Major with the American Red Cross.

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) Willoughby G. Walling
Vice Chairman.

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
~~CHARLES E. DICKERSON, PRINCIPAL~~

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
KENARDEN HALL

COPY

WAR DEPARTMENT

Washington

May 17 1921

Honorable Louis A. Frothingham,
House House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Frothingham:

Your letter of May 3, 1921, relative to the award of the Distinguished Service Medal to Mr. Charles L. Preston, has received full consideration.

Mr. Preston was not a part of the Army at the time of performance of the services for which the award in his case has been recommended. I do not favor giving either a Distinguished Service Cross or a Distinguished Service Medal to persons who are not a part of the Army. If civilians are to be recognized, as they well may be, it should be done in some other way.

I do not feel that I am bound by what may have been done in the past in the award of medals to civilians, but feel at liberty to execute the law as I interpret it. As I do not believe it is the intent of the law to award medals to civilians who are not clearly a part of the Army, I shall not recommend to the President the award of either medal to civilians.

Under the circumstances the previous decision, not to confer the award in this case, must be adhered to and any action in recognizing the services of Mr. Preston, or other civilians, must be deferred until such time as an appropriate means of extending such recognition is provided.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) John W. Weeks,
Secretary of War.

Incls.
File of Exhibits
marked "A" - "H"
inclusive, re Mr.
Preston

Paper read before the

Northfield Historical Society

April 20, 1971

Prepared by

Esther Morgan Leonard

Sources: A MONUMENTAL QUEST FOR PLATINUM......OUTLOOK, July 11, 1923
A TRIP INTO SIBERIA DURING THE FALL OF 1918..Charles L. Preston
COMPTON'S PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAP and WORLD MAP

CHARLES LEROY PRESTON

A tablet at the Northfield Town Hall bears this legend:

NORTHFIELD UNVEILED THIS TABLET
TOWN MEETING DAY FEB. 4, 1929
TO HONOR HER NATIVE SON
CHARLES LEROY PRESTON

Below this, there is cast a likeness of Charles Preston of which his wife, Virginia, has written "is an excellent likeness of my husband." Charles Preston appears to be a fine looking man, with a very pleasant expression. Below the likeness the inscription continues:

WORLD WAR HERO
CHOSEN BY WAR DEPARTMENT TO BUY $2,500,000 WORTH OF PLATINUM FOR THE
ALLIED COMMAND HE VOLUNTEERED TO SERVE WITHOUT PAY
"A SECRET MISSION TO RUSSIA WHICH REQUIRED REMARKABLE BUSINESS ABILITY,
TACT, UNFLINCHING COURAGE SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT GREAT AND CONSTANT
PERSONAL RISK AND HARDSHIP."
FROM CITATION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL
"HE AS TRULY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY AS DID THE SOLDIERS
ON THE BATTLEFIELD." MAJ. GEN. WILLIAMS, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.
BORN NORTHFIELD, JULY 22, 1878
DIED BROOKLINE, FEB. 17, 1919 FROM SHOCK, SIX HOURS AFTER ARRIVAL
HOME FROM "ONE OF THE MOST DARING MISSIONS EVER UNDERTAKEN."

Virginia Preston had this letter from The American Red Cross, March 11, 1919. "Although Mr. Preston was very much occupied at the time with work he was doing for the United States Government, he patriotically and generously consented to act for the American Red Cross as well. The judgment and ability which he showed at this trying time in aiding the cause of humanity and the Red Cross was very much appreciated by all of us, and I take this opportunity to express to you our sincere appreciation of his aid."

I shall read an account which appeared in the magazine OUTLOOK on July 11, 1923, five years after his mission. It is entitled A MONUMENTAL QUEST FOR PLATINUM. Occasionally I shall read excerpts from Mr. Preston's journal which he modestly titled, "A Trip into Siberia During the Fall of 1918." It is my impression that be completed his journal as a report of his activities in Siberia after he had finished up all business and because of lack of passage, had to remain in Yokohama for a month.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Compton were in Russia at the same time that Preston was there. They were doing relief work as he was. They do not remember Mr. Preston particularly, but they feel quite sure that they must have been in his company at some time. Carl helped me immeasurably in learning to pronounce the Russian words. (You may not believe me, but I have been practising.)

CHARLES L. PRESTON
(OUTLOOK, July 11, 1923)

A MONUMENTAL QUEST FOR PLATINUM

The manufacture of war explosives required the use of platinum for certain chemical processes, and it was necessary soon after we entered the war to secure an unusual quantity of this precious metal. The chief source of supply was Russia, and at the request of the War Department the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce purchased through agents in Petrograd some sixteen thousand ounces, which was duly shipped to this country, consigned to the Secretary of Commerce. Its value then was from $95 to $105 per counce, and it was with much relief that the costly material was turned over on its arrival to the War Department. It became evident, however, that still more was required to satisfy the appetite of the cannon for explosives, but by this time, early in 1918, the Russian Revolution had closed the former avenues of putchase. Still the "vitally necessary" platinum must be had "almost at any cost", the record says, and it could be found in sufficient quantity only in Russia.

Emergencies are said to bring the men able to cope with them; certainly this crisis found in Charles Preston those combined qualities which led to his selection to carry out a desperate enterprise. Mr. Preston had been connected with the Department of Commerce for service in Russia, where he had lived twelve years; he"spoke the language and was familiar with the Russian people."

Chosen by the War Department for the dangerous duty, because of his peculiar fitness for it, he volunteered to serve without compensation. "His mission was necessarily a secret one," and he undertook it as a civilian. Let us look at the man for a moment before he enters on his perilous task. Mr. Preston was a young business man who was not quite forty years of age when the story opens. He had been connected with a great show-manufacturing company for seventeen years. He had become experienced as a collector and buyer of hides for several large concerns, and had been successful in 1916 in removing a large quantity of calf skins from Riga (a Russian port on the Baltic Sea) under circumstances of great difficulty. A friend writes: "The character of Mr. Charles Preston was notable in that it combined a youthful spirit of adventure with a sober business sense which the big industrial men respected highly; at one time he could be a dashing and handsome young man driving a sporty motor car at a seaside resort, and at another time a man who would negotiate relentlessly for a business advantage with the keenest commercial minds in Russia."

The task before him was one to tax the powers of the ablest. He was secretly to take a large sum ($2,500,000), enter Siberia and go as far as was necessary to secure its value in platinum. This he was to bring back to Vladivostok and deliver there to our Government representative. It was known that the Trans-Siberian Railway line was broken and that hard fighting was going on along the line. The country

near the railway was infested with robber bands to whom all save themselves were foes. It was doubtful if one could penetrate for the thousands of miles it might be necessary to travel to accomplish the result.

All the dangers were accentuated by the precious freight to be carried both ways. This young American business man (39 years old) willingly undertook the desperate task. He kept a journal.....which is all too brief and in which his major task is nearly invisible. It permits, however, when supplemented by facts derived from other sources, such knowledge of his noble and unselfish service as even his modesty could not wholly conceal.

Arriving at Vladivostok about the first of May, 1918, he found the city in the hands of the Bolsheviks. Life at a so-called hotel was nearly impossible; food and service were bad and cleanliness could not be had. He was welcomed on board (the American) flagship Brooklyn and remained there some months. He succeeded during this period in accomplishing a part of his work, but, as it was impossible to get sufficient quantities of platinum, he "found it imperative to travel to the center of Siberia," and perhaps to "continue to the Ural Mountains."

On June 29th the Czecho-Slovaks took the city of Vladivostok away from the Bolsheviks with very little trouble, there being practically only one day's fighting in the city itself. This activity on the part of the Czechs was the result of an order given by the Bolshevik government, at that time in Petrograd, that all Czecho-Slovaks should be disarmed and confined to prison camps. The order affected fully 75,000 Czechs who were scattered all along the railway lines from Pensa in European Russia to Vladivostok. (The Germans realized that the Czechs would be a decided asset to the Allies so they arranged to have the Czechs disarmed.) The Czechs took the initiative and killed or captured many times their own number of the astonished and many times unprepared Bolsheviks. The astounding successes the Czechs accomplished read like fairy tales and are almost unbelievable if one did not know that the stories were true in every detail. The Czechs gradually secured control of the railway lines connecting that port, Vladivostok, with the main Trans-Siberian Railway.

By several months of patient, adept effort, Mr. Preston had secured the cooperation not only of the American consul and officers, but of Russian officials. Meanwhile the manager of the Russian end of the Red Cross condluded that Preston was the best available man to conduct a trainload of hospital supplies through to Irkutsk, in Siberia.

His journal continues:

"As soon as the Czechs started their activities I received a cable from the Red Cross at Washington, requesting me to undertake the organization of the American Red Cross in Siberia to establish hospitals for relief of wounded Czechs and aid to large civilian population which had been driven out of Russia and Siberia. Some refugees dating from 1914."

Work went forward - "very hard work" - getting hospital buildings, two ambulance trains, automobiles and an ambulance, offices and lodging places for personnel.

"Custom House officials demanded we pay full duty on all Red Cross supplies. I protested strongly and they at last let our supplies in Duty Free..... We gradually got things into working order....with 250 wounded or sick in a ~~sk~~ hospital in Vladivostok Bay and we were caring for about 3000 refugees.....We had a hospital at Harbin and another in Manchuria.

"I arranged to take in Red Cross supplies so as not to awaken suspicion on the real purpose of my trip. By sheer bluff was able to get as many cars as we needed, but only two dining cars to use as operating cars. I needed a proper dining car. There was no food available on the way and there was no chance of making a successful trip (of 9 or 10,000 miles) without a dining car."

He tried the Allied Railway Committee, Red Cross and Gen Horvat, Director of the Far Eastern Railway. Finally the Minister of Railways "for some unknown reason gave me the use of his own private diningcar. On Sept. 14th we pulled out for Western Siberia." (This was the first train that went west over the Trans-Siberian Railway after its operations were interrupted by the Bolsheviks.)

A further illustration shows Preston's persistence and courage in his dealing with Gen Horvat: "He at first refused to furnish the American Red Cross with cars of any description, so we informed him that if he did not give the necessary orders at once, and furnish us with copies of the telegrams, that we would telegraph to the President at Washington, stating that Gen Horvat was personally responsible because we were not able to get two ambulance trains to transport the wounded Czechs. This worked like a charm."

Four hours after their start there were signs of trouble ahead. They met the Czech Commander in a train taken from the Bolsheviks. It "showed plainly the bullet holes, broken windows, and generally battered condition which one expects to find on a train that had gone through such ordeals as many of the trains on the Siberian railways were obliged to undergo. Practically all of the fighting was done along the railways, and a greater part of the ~~damagx~~ damage was done to railway property. Bridges were destroyed, water towers blown up, and coal and wood burned in wholesale quantities meaning just so much more trouble and delay to those who were attempting to get the railways into working order."

At Harbin the Russian transportation manager refused to furnish a dining car that had been promised. "By pure bluff" Mr. Preston "bearded him in his den" – "just to show that he couldn't keep an American out by refusing to see him....We succeeded in doing exactly as we had made up our minds to do."

Another incident shows how Mr. Preston got what he needed: "We were ready to pull out, but the station master informed us that as it was a Chinese holiday there were no firemen to be had. After we had convinced him that we would furnish the fireman, then he said that there was no engineer, and he acted to suspiciously that we decided at three o'clock that we would look into the matter ourselves. So Capt. Brazina and I took one of our soldiers, all of whom...spoke Russian, and went over to the station. In the meantime we had heard indirectly that there were at least three engines with full crews standing in the round house with steam all up, and that the station master and the round house master were delaying us out of pure cussedness. We went over to the station master and asked him when he intended to give us an engine, he said he would give us the first one that had a full crew. This was all we wanted to know, so I invited him to take a walk down to the round house about a quarter of a mile away. He said he couldn't leave the station and that he would telephone to the round house again. I told him that he need not bother to telephone that we needed the pleasure of his company and that I had brought the soldier along to walk with him. He saw there was nothing else to do but go with us. We walked down to the round house and asked for the Master, who came blustering out and demanded what we wanted. I told him we desired to see how many engines he had ready for immediate service and also the reason why he had not furnished us with an engine when we had asked for it. The first part of the question was automatically answered, for as we were talking a big American type locomotive rolled out of the round house. I simply said you needn't trouble to answer my questions, for I see what I am looking for and if you have anything to say about it I will accommodate you both to a free ride up to Manchuria Post, where

the Japanese soldiers are stationed, and if I am not able to convince you that I have a right to have an engine, why then I am sure that the Japs will be able to convince you. Neither of them showed any desire to argue the matter any further, and we started on our way again......

Farther on (Preston was) ~~akim~~ fortunate enough to be hitched to a Czech troop train of sixty-five cars. They went slowly, for there had been "heavy fighting less than six weeks before."... "Many bridges and culverts had been blown up by the Bolsheviks, and the temporary ones were a little shaky." The water-towers were gone, and all fuel. The Czech soldiers scoured the country to collect old ties and pieces of wood "to have enough fuel to keep steam." The journal proceeds: "In many places the country looked as though a cyclone had struck it;...houses and barns had been burned....there were many traces of wrecked trains" and remains of abandoned plunder. An important bridge was gone, but a temporary one was erected "on a level with the (water in the) river, but when it rained the water overflowed the bridge." It would not support an engine, so the train was pushed down onto this bridge; then an engine crept cautiously down the opposite bank and pulled the train up. The damage to the line was such that on some days they could run less than 160 miles in twenty-four hours.

"Often we had to get up in the middle of the night to shift entire carloads os supplies to other cars, when the loaded cars got hotboxes...The Bolsheviks were fond of turning loose an engine at full speed in order to smash up a Czech armored train which might be standing at a station. Once, the Czechs, forewarned, greased the tracks which slowed up the engine. They climbed aboard, reversed the engine and sent it back at full speed so the Bolsheviks had a full fledged wreck furnished them, free of charge.

The Bolsheviks had a train load of high explosives and planned to blow up 39 tunnels on the Trans Baikal Railway. Czechs suddenly appeared on hills overlooking the station, fired on the trainload, killed many Bolsheviks, demolished the train, station and yard."

At Chita and elsewhere (Preston) "was swamped with requests for permission to ride, which it was necessary to refuse." Some "very officious" Russian officers were told they "could ride in the freight car on the rear of our train, which served as a caboose for our train crew." From Chita west there was less trouble, because of Czech control of the line. One tunnel was blown up, and Mr. Preston gives a vivid account of the combats for mastery on the railway. Irkutsk was found to have been the scene of desperate fighting.

"The town is spattered with bullet marks.....many public buildings have been burned or blown up......the Governor's palace.....is one mass of bullet marks." It was found there that the information received before the start regarding platinum was "absolutely unreliable", and there was no "hope to have any success unless I continued my journey to the Ural Mountains." The railway westward was at the time less disturbed. One bridge guard was "made up of forty men; thirty had boots and twenty-five had rifles, so that they were obliged to take turns in wearing the boots and carrying the rifles." At Omsk there was plenty of food; indeed, during the trip "of nearly twelve weeks, covering about nine thousand miles, at no time were we without a plentiful supply of white bread. There was an abundance of everything that Siberia produced, but the unfortunate conditions (political) and the crippled....

railway, together with the utter indifference....shown by....every government official, made the distribution of these immense supplies impossible. Sugar, tea, tobacco, cloth, leather, medicines.....did not exist."

They pressed on westward. At one station "there were eight different kinds of soldiers to be seen on the station platform and endless numbers of refugees." All along the route Red Cross supplies were furnished to the Czechs, who were without money, supplies, rifles, ammunition, or clothing, and "slowly but surely being sacrificed man by man...."

(If the Bolsheviks found any Russian or Czech officers, they mutilated them horribly, cut off tongues, noses and ears, beat them and even crucified them. This was done by freed convicts, who felt murderous toward any authority.

Sometimes Preston's train was welcomed with a guard of honor and music, by Czechs or by Russian soldiers. They visited Czech hospitals in Cheliabinsk and sent long telegrams ordering supplies and medicines to get the hospitals in working order. Preston pushed ahead even to Ekaterinburg (now Sverdlovsk) in European Russia, then but forty miles from the fighting front, which was being steadily forced eastward. There he found help from the American consul for his particular business.

He visited the house in which the Czar was murdered, and gives a detailed account of the massacre of the Imperial family and of other Bolshevik outrages. He succeeded in getting all the platinum which the local banks had and made arrangements for more. Preston wrote, "The banks had no money, but had some of the material I was to obtain, so we negotiated." Nevertheless Mr. Preston records that the month he spent in Ekaterinburg while collecting platinum "was one of the dreariest and most depressing periods of my life. There was misery and suffering on all sides." By November 11 he "had expended all the available money and it was necessary to return." So taking the consul along he started back.

At Omsk we heard of the Armistice and received "a telegram from Washington stating that I should cease my activities for the time being, which exactly coincided with my desires." So, eastward, keeping his treasure concealed so far as possible under his mattress, picking up a car of flour for the hospital at Vladivostok, seeing some Bolsheviks caught at cutting the telegraph wires, transporting meanwhile seventy invalided Czechs in three sanitary cars of his train, he went back to Itkutsk on November 21. There "Bolsheviks had renewed their activities" and "two nights before our arrival there were twenty-one robberies and murders committed during the night."

To the east of Irkutsk new worries arose. Semenoff at Chita had protested against Kolchak's dictatorship and was threatening "all kinds of trouble." Mr. Preston "had too much money in cash and too much valuable material" in his possession to take any unnecessary chances. Nevertheless at Chita his train pulled in on the track next to one where two of Semenoff's armored trains were standing. They "were manned by the worst-looking lot of cutthroats imaginable." Mr. Preston writes: "I smile.... when I thought how....these same rascals would be acting if they knew that in addition to being the innocent Red Cross train, as we appeared to be, I had a few million (gold)

rubles on board as well as other very valuable materials."

"Naturally, he was in a tremendous hurry to get out of Chita," and after an unexpected delay.........he "was greatly relieved to get out of Chita without any unpleasant incidents, for he thought Chita was the worst point." It was just then that "it looked as though our troubles were about to begin in earnestness" for at a junction they ran behind a so-called Post Train that had been waiting ten hours for an engine. The station-master would promise nothing, so Mr. Preston****

Preston's trip was not without its lighter moments. His journal relates:
"At Virkny Udinsk I finally reached the height of the high sounding titles which had been bestowed upon me during my stay in Siberia from the first of May.
At the time I crossed to Russia from Japan in April, the Japanese Port Authorities took me for a new American Ambassador going to Russia, and the mayor and the Chief of Police made formal calls on me, and there was a great amount of ceremony. The more I denied it the more convinced they were that I was trying to put something over on them.
At Vladivostok I was known as Capt. Preston because the War Dept. had cabled that a Capt. Preston would arrive there to undertake certain work.
When my Red Cross activities started I was immediately called Doctor.
On my Siberian trip I was called Colonel besides having the credit of being the Special Diplomatic Representative of the U.S.A., while all the time I was something that no one had called me, that was a Major in the Red Cross, besides having a couple of other government assignments, about which no one suspected.
At Virkny Udinsk the Japanese Commander put on the finishing touches by paying his respects to me and addressing me as General and asking if I had any wishes to express or orders to give.
The only thing I wanted was to put a little more speed into the railway. MM He saluted and left; if he gave the desired order, it certainly did not have any effect, for we fairly crawled.

**** took things in his own hands. Finding the railway workmen had not been paid for three months and were short of food, he offered for a train crew "a square meal and as much money as they demanded if it was anywhere within reason." In an hour and a half they were on their way, leaving the Post Train behind them.
(See insert above####)

From this time on there were no serious troubles. On December 3, at 1 a.m., he arrived at Vladivostok. There they worked from seven in the morning until (six p.m., when they found that because of so many interruptions they had made a mistake and had to do the entire work all over. They finished at)ten that night. It was delivered to our waiting transport at 11:30 p.m., and the ship sailed at five in the morning. He felt "as though someone had taken off my shoulders more care and worry than I hope to carry in the future."

He had done his work, and done it well. The platinum was bought at about twenty-five per cent less than the limit given him. "I was tired and under the weather," he writes. He resigned his Red Cross Commission and sailed December 23, 1918, for home. The following despatch, dated February 17, 1919, tells what followed:

Charles XPreston arrived home to his family apparently in good health. One hour later suffered a shock from which he never regained consciousness and died about six o'clock this evening.

In recommending him for a Distinguished Service Medal - which for

technical reasons was never awarded - it was said: "This journey was accomplished only by overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties and at constant and great personal hazard and hardship, and was only carried out by the exercise of remarkable energy, tact, and bravery." It was suggested that his citation read:

> FOR EXCEPTIONALLY MERITORIOUS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT IN CARRYING OUT A SECRET MISSION TO THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA, WHILE THAT COUNTRY WAS IN THE THROES OF THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION FOR THE PURPOSE OF OBTAINING A QUANTITY OF PLATINUM VITALLY NECESSARY TO THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT, WHICH REQUIRED A REMARKABLE DEGREE OF BUSINESS ABILITY, TACT, AND UNFLINCHING COURAGE, AND WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT GREAT AND CONSTANT PERSONAL RISK AND HARDSHIP.

"His mission," wrote the Chief of Ordnance, 'which he accomplished with signal success, was of great value, and if, as I understand, he contracted the malady from which he died while so serving the Government, he as truly and unselfishly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers who were killed on the battlefield."

I deem it a privilege to give to his fellow-countrymen this story of the heroic service of Charles Preston.

Further materials and information regarding Charles L. Preston are in the possession of the Northfield Historical Society, Northfield, Mass. Information may be secured by contacting the president, or the curator of the museum.

Paper read before the
Northfield Historical Society, April 20, 1971
Prepared by Esther Morgan Leonard

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

Charles L. Preston Memorial Program.

Introduction of Speaker.

~~Speech~~ Address by Capt. Harold C. Keith, Campello, Mass.

Unveiling of tablet by Rena C. Tyler.

Prayer by Rev. R. E. Griffith~~s~~.

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Town Meeting, Feb. 4, 1929
To honor her native son
Charles Leroy Preston.
Civilian Hero of the World War.

World War Hero. 15th

Chosen by War Department (for secret ~~allied~~ mission to Russia) to buy $2,500,000 worth of platinum for allied command he volunteered to serve without pay. ~~Incidents~~

204
"A secret mission to Russia which required remarkable business ability, tact, and unflinching courage, successfully performed 303 at great and constant personal risk and hardship." ~~From citation.~~
~~From~~ From citation for Distinguished Service Medal.

403
"He as truly gave his life for his country as did the soldiers on the battlefield." Maj. Gen. Williams, Chief of Ordnance.

Born Northfield, 491

Died Brookline, Feb. 17, 1919, from ~~sel~~ shock one hour after
94 arrival home from ~~above~~ "one of the most daring missions war undertaken." ~~by any agent for Uncle Sam~~

491
94
585
9
5

3
600
180.00

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

30 of letter

Sept. 10 or 11, 1879.

Community Bldg.
Athol

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
~~CHARLES E. DICKERSON, PRINCIPAL~~

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
KENARDEN HALL

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

COPY DATA CONCERNING CHARLES L. PRESTON

Chap. 40
Sect. 12
Gen. Stat.

1150 No. Chester Avenue
Pasadena, California
Febuary 20, 1928

Mr. Frank L. Duley
Northfield, Massachudetts

My dear Mr. Duley:

It is with the deepest emotion I acknowledge your letter of February 11th, advising me of the tablet to be placed in the new town hall in Northfield in memory if my husband, Charles L. Preston.

Words are quite inadequate to express my appreciation and I can only hope you will understand how much it means to his family. My husband was indeed worthy of the honor the town of Northfield is paying him. The mission hecompleted for the War Department was an almost impossible one. His one thought was not to fail when his country needed his services so desperately. Only those with whom he worked so many weary weeks understood how heroic, self-sacrificing, he was and how he was expending all the energy he possessed in making good.

I regret to write that the War Department has never recognized his services in any way. I am enclosing three letters - one from Major General C. C. Williams, one from the late John W. Weeks, Secretary of War in 1921 and one from the Red Cross. They speak for themselves. These are important letters and may I ask you to return them to me after reading them?

The Hon. William C. Redfield, Ex-Secretary of Commerce, paid a very fine tribute to my husband in his book "With Congress and Cabinet" and again in his latest book "We and The World" published for use in the public schools.

You ask for any data about his work for the Allies. I am not sure what you wish. Perhaps the following may be of interest and of use to you.

My husband left Brookline, Mass. on Easter Sunday, 1918. He arrived in Vladivostok, Siberia in May as representative of the Army, the State Department and the Red Cross. His activities covered many branches of the work such as building a hospital on Russian Island and getting everything ready for the Hospital Unit from Tokio, feeding 2500 or more destitute people every day, Commercial Aid and Advisor to Admiral Knight etc., and various other things.

It was necessary for him to go into Siberia under the Red Cross flag. He was warned by the Ordnance Dept. before leaving Washington that the Japanese and Russian Governments had made the buying or selling of platinum a capitol offense and the terrible risk he was taking.

Under discouraging conditions, he organized a Red Cross relief train and

NORTHFIELD SEMINARY
FOUNDED BY D. L. MOODY
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
~~CHARLES E. DICKERSON, PRINCIPAL~~

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
KENARDEN HALL

cont.

(Ekaterinburg)
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In this way, he would meet the people and soldiers and be able to inquire about platinum.

He bought 23,000 ounces at the then low price of $105.00 an ounce. He had nearly $2,500,00 under his berth to pay for it. In his report to the Government, he exulted over the fact that he succeeded in buying it 25% lower than the limit given to him by the Ordnance Department. He also made arrangements so more platinum could be purchased at a future time.

His mission into Siberia lasted eleven weeks of the ten months he was away. It covered such hazards, which he writes of as thrilling experiences as to make us wonder how he ever lived through them.

He arrived back at American Staff Headquarters in Vladivostok on Dec. 3rd, 1918 completely exhausted. He turned over the platinum to special officers on board the Transport Thomas and settled the accounts with the American Consul. As soon as possible, he arranged his various affairs and went to Yokohama. He entered the U. S. Naval Hospital to rest and have necessary treatment until he could get passage back to SanFrancisco.

I think you know the end of the story. He arrived home in Brookline, Mass. at noon, Feb. 17th, 1919. Half an hour later, he had a stroke of apoplexy and died at six o'clock that evening.

I should be very greatly obliged if you would extend my thanks to each and every one who so generously desires to honor my husband in such a beautiful way.

With sincerest appreciation of your very kind letter, I am

Cordially yours,

Virginia A. Preston

(Mrs. Charles L. Preston)

Ans. June 18

1150 No. Chester Ave.,
Pasadena, California
Feb. 20th, 1928.

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

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Cordially yours,

Virginia A. Preston.

(Mrs. Charles L. Preston).

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

1150 No. Chester Av
Pasadena, Califo
Dec. 12th, 192

Mr. Frank L. Duley, Chairman,
Northfield, Massachusetts.

My dear Mr. Duley:-

I trust you will pardon the unavoidable delay in answering your very kind letter regarding the unveiling of the memorial tablet on Feb. 4th.

It is with deep regret I write that it will be impossible for either my son or myself to attend the ceremony on that day. I am quite unable to take such a long trip at present and my son, Char is still too young to go alone.

You very kindly wrote that I might suggest somebody to do th unveiling in case we could not be

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

present. Would you & your Committee be willing to have Mr. Harold C. Keith, President of the George E. Keith Co., Campello, Massachusetts to have that honor? He & my husband we devoted friends & since my husban death, Mr. Keith has proved his friendship in so many ways. it seems very fitting that he should the one, if you are willing.

If this suggestion meets wit your approval Would you kindl write Mr. Keith? Also, would yo advise me as to the time of the ceremony on Feb. 4th? I wish to invit other friends in & around Boston.

Thanks seem quite inadequate to express our deep appreciation to the town of Northfield & to you, Mr. Dudley, and to Mrs. Wood & to Lieut. Steadler for making this

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

1150 North Chester Avenue
Pasadena, California

wife

Oct 2nd, 1929

My dear Mr. Duley:

On my return to Pasadena a few days ago, I found your letter of Sept 12th and under another cover, a photograph of the Memorial Tablet.

It is a beautiful

memorial and we are greatly pleased with it in every way. The likeness of my husband is excellent and is an added delight for we did not know it was to be there.

It was very kind of you to have this copy made and sent to us and we trust you will understand how deeply we appreciate your thoughtfulness in doing so and how much we shall treasure it.

My son, Charles, joins me in thanking you.

Yours very truly,
Virginia A. Preston.

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

ASP

Orange, Mass.
Sept. 17. 1929.

Mr Frank L. Duley.
E. Northfield, Mass.

Dear Sir;

Your favor of Sept. 12, duly received. I am grateful, for the expression of appreciation, which the people of Northfield, have shown, in my son's memory— Respectfully yours—

Mrs Anna S. Preston—

FIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MRS. ANNA S. PRESTON
245 SOUTH MAIN STREET
ORANGE, MASS.

Sept. 20, 1929.

Mr Frank L. Duley.
East Northfield, Mass.

Dear Sir;

Will you please inform me, where, I may obtain photograps, of the Preston Memorial Tablet, that was placed, in the Town Hall, last Town Meeting Day. I wish, to secure some Photographs, if possible.

Respectfully yours.
Mrs Anna S. Preston,

mother

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MRS. ANNA S. PRESTON
245 SOUTH MAIN STREET
ORANGE, MASS.

Feb'y. 13. 1928.

Frank L. Duley.
East Northfield - Mass.

Dear Sir;

Your favor of Feb'y. 11. 1928, duly received.

I have been informed, of the vote, at the Town Meeting, February 6. in regard, to placing a tablet, in new town hall, in memory of my son Charles —

I will give you any information

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

MRS. ANNA S. PRESTON
245 SOUTH MAIN STREET
ORANGE, MASS.

that you may desire.
Please write stating your
requirements.

Respy—
Mrs Anna S. Preston—

Mother

Hide and Leather. The International Weekly
Feb 22, 1919
For Factories – Tanneries – Allied Industries
136 W Lake St
Chicago, Illinois
Vol 57 No. [illegible]

Charles Leroy Preston, widely known in the leather trade, died suddenly at his home, 118 Pleasant street, Brookline, Feb. 17. He was sent by the United States Government on a special mission to Russia last year and returned to this country recently. Mr. Preston was born in Northfield, July 22, 1878, and his early school days were spent at Dwight L. Moody's school in that town. He then went into the leather business in Boston, and, having acquired a knowledge of the industry, he went to Russia, locating at Riga, where he continued in the same business. He remained there for fifteen years, coming back to America when disturbances in Russia made it inadvisable to remain there longer. It was his intimacy with Russian affairs that prompted the Department of Commerce to send him to that country last spring, and, making his headquarters for a time at Vladivostock, he was able to be of great service to the Washington authorities. While in that city he was appointed commercial adviser to Admiral Knight, who was in charge of the fleet in the Pacific Ocean, and Mr. Preston lived for a time on board the flagship Brooklyn, which was in the harbor of Vladivostock. Later, when the disturbances between the Czecho-Slovaks and the Bolsheviki became acute, he was appointed temporary head of the Red Cross, and in that capacity, acting with the rank of major, he was able to do much good work, especially in the interior of Russia. Mr. Preston was a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston Athletic Association and Beth Heron Lodge of Masons of Brookline. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Virginia Atkins of Boston; one son, Charles Leroy Preston, Jr., and his mother, Mrs. Anna Preston of Orange.

Tanners' Export Meeting in Boston

Last week a very enthusiastic meeting was held of the export managers of firms which are members of the Tanners' Council, at the Boston City Club. This was the first meeting of its kind in Boston and it was very gratifying to the Council to know that same was so well attended and so much interest shown.

The meeting was conducted by E. A. Brand, General Secretary of the Tanners' Council, who came up from Washington and was accompanied by John R. Arnold, Chief of the Foreign Trade Bureau.

Mr. Brand explained that the purpose of the meeting was to get together men who are in actual contact with the practical details of the tanning industry in order to exchange views on the program of the future work laid out by the Council, and secure suggestions from them in order that greater co-operation might be obtained.

Some of the subjects discussed were the matter of the Council rendering its members assistance in connection with export freight forwarding at seaboard cities; rendering aid in connection with their translation service for both correspondence and their catalogues; forming export teams for non competing lines of leather; arranging for the meeting with commercial and trade attaches, as well as American Consuls and other officials from foreign countries, and mapping out a number of other subjects to be taken up at the next meeting when it is proposed to form an export managers' club, for the purpose of getting down to a definite working basis, and render every possible assistance to its members in aiding them to build up their foreign trade.

The following were present at the meeting in question: J. L. Devaney, Armour Leather Company; H. W. Clark, Algonquin Leather Company; Edward A. F. Gore, Ayer Tanning Company; N. Gaus, S. L. Agoos Tanning Company; R. J. W. Stone, Baker & Kimball, Inc.; Wm. H. L. Odell, Besse, Osborne & Odell; H. B. Dillenback, Beggs & Cobb, Inc.; Bertram G. Gould, Bristol Patent Leather Company; Arthur Devlin, Burns, Fecht, Bicknell Company; John H. Burns, Burns, Fecht, Bicknell Company; J. D. Moore, W. D. Byron & Sons Lea. Company; W. A. Spalding, Columbia Leather Company; Jas. T. Gormley, Day-Gormley Leather Company; L. G. Nicholl, Devlin Brothers; Jas. J. Donohue, Donohue Bros. Leather Company; W. D. Kerr, Eberle Tanning Company; Kolman Fleisher, Frank E. Fleet Company; Elmer J. McManus, The Graton & Knight Mfg. Company; T. Frank Hickey, Green & Hickey Leather Company; J. W. Helburn, Helburn Thompson Company; J. T. Keating, Howes Brothers Company; G. W. Doughty, Hunt-Rankin Leather Company; H. W. Davenport, C. D. Kepner Leather Company; H. D. Talbot, A. C. Lawrence Leather Company; I. C. Webster, The C. Moench Sons Company; J. P. O'Hara, Northwestern Leather Company; Elwood A. Howe, Proctor Ellison Company; H. N. Cole, Rice & Hutchins, Inc.; F. A. Buckman, The L. B. Southwick Company; Benjamin Simons, Standard Kid Mfg. Company; Thomas J. Murray, Taber-Wheeler Company; Geo. W. Wright, Thayer-Foss Company; Fred A. Cromwell, Thayer-Foss Company; E. E. Van Dyne, Van Dyne-Hunderford Company; L. C. Hungerford, Van Dyne-Hungerford Company; E. A. Brand, Tanners' Council, Washington; John R. Arnold, Tanners' Council, Washington; J. Dudley Smith, Tanners' Council, Boston.

Death of Charles L. Preston

Charles Leroy Preston, representative of the George E. Keith Co., Brockton, in Russia where he established a number of stores, died suddenly at his home in Brookline, near Boston, February 17.

Mr. Preston was born in Northfield, Mass., in 1878, and his early school days were spent at Dwight L. Moody's school in that town. He then went into the leather business in Boston, and, having acquired a knowledge of the industry, went to Russia, locating at Riga, in charge of the George E. Keith interests. He remained there for fifteen years, coming back to America when disturbances in Russia made it inadvisable to remain there longer.

Because of Mr. Preston's acquaintance with the details of the hide and skin business in Russia he was able to obtain the release of a large quantity of calfskins. This business was transacted through the George E. Keith Co., and it was said at the time that an exchange of finished sole leather for the raw material was the method of payment.

It was his intimacy with Russian affairs that prompted the Department of Commerce to send him to that country last spring, and, making his headquarters for a time at Vladivostok, he was able to be of great service to the Washington authorities. While in that city he was appointed commercial adviser to Admiral Knight, who was in charge of the fleet in the Pacific Ocean, and Mr. Preston lived for a time on board the flagship Brooklyn, which was in the harbor of Vladivostok. Later when the disturbances between the Czecho-Slovaks and the Bolsheviki became acute he was appointed temporary head of the Red Cross, and in that capacity, acting with the rank of major, he was able to do much good work, especially in the interior of Russia. He enjoyed the unique distinction of representing both the Army, the State Department and the Red Cross. While at Vladivostok as representative of the Red Cross he fed 8,000 refugees daily.

Mr. Preston was a man of exemplary character and high attainments. He excelled in many lines of activity. He was prominent as a sportsman, having won the Kaiser cup for the 1500 mile automobile race. He was the champion tennis player of Petrograd and was an unusually fine shot.

Mr. Preston was a member of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston Athletic Association and Beth Horon Lodge of Masons of Brookline. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Virginia Atkins of Boston; one son, Charles Leroy Preston, Jr., and his mother, Mrs. Anna Preston of Orange.

Death of George S. West

George S. West, vice-president and manager of the Boston sales department of the Dungan-Hood Company died Saturday, February 15, of peritonitis following an operation for appendicitis. Funeral services were held at his old residence 2 Devon Road, Swampscott, Mass. Mr. West was well known throughout the shoe industry of New England and had been associated with the Dungan-Hood Company for 22 years. He came to Boston 25 years ago. Mr. West was born in Washington, D. C., 46 years ago. His father, George N. West, is American Consul General at Vancouver, B. C. He is survived by his widow and a sister who is the wife of James S. Carter of the Davis Shoe Company, Lynn.

Stocks of Hides in Argentine

Advices just received by the State Department from Buenos Aires, Argentina, give estimates of hides now on hand in that country. It is believed that at least one-half million wet salted hides were on hand on January 31, representing the November and December kill, as well as some which were held over because of lack of shipping facilities. Of the total amount, 185,000 are destined for the United States, 150,000 for Europe and the disposition of the balance has not been decided. Exports last year totaled 3,200,000, almost equally divided between the United States and England.

It is estimated that from 600,000 to 700,600 dry hides were on hand January 31, about half of which will be shipped to the United States.

The report states that it is impossible to estimate the number of calf or sheepskins on hand, but there are probably 500 bales of goatskins, of 370 kilos each, about half of which will be shipped to this country.

Goatskin Division of Tanners' Council

Laird H Simons has resigned as Chairman of the Goat and Cabretta Division of the Tanners' Council owing to pressure of private business. He has been succeeded by Charles Vaughn, of Dungan, Hood & Co

Tanners Meet in New York

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Tanners' Council in New York on Thursday, February 20, at the Bush Terminal Building.

CA 2001

221 Pond Street
South Weymouth, MA 02190

Northfield Historical Commission
Town Hall
69 Main Street
Northfield, MA 01360

Attention: Marie Ferre, Chair

Dear Ms Ferre,

I had the opportunity to visit your beautiful town last week and was impressed by the memorial, in the Town Hall, to Charles Leroy Preston. The memorial indicates that he died in Brookline, Massachusetts which is where I grew up.

No one in the Town Hall seemed to know much about Mr. Preston and perhaps, because he died within three days of the completion of his mission, he is lost to history.

I searched the internet and was able to come up with the enclosed information. The newspaper account says he died at Campello, Massachusetts. Campello is a village of Brockton, Massachusetts. I wonder where he is buried?

At any rate, this son of Northfield deserves to be memorialized. I'm not sure that "Charles Preston Day" is in the offing but perhaps your great website could include a picture of his memorial and tell his story.

Thanks to you and to the members of the Commission for what you do to keep history alive.

Sincerely,

Jack Williams

Jack Williams

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, MASSACHUSETTS

September
Seventeenth
1929

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

Mr. Frank L. Duley,
Northfield Seminary,
East Northfield, Massachusetts.

My dear Mr. Duley:

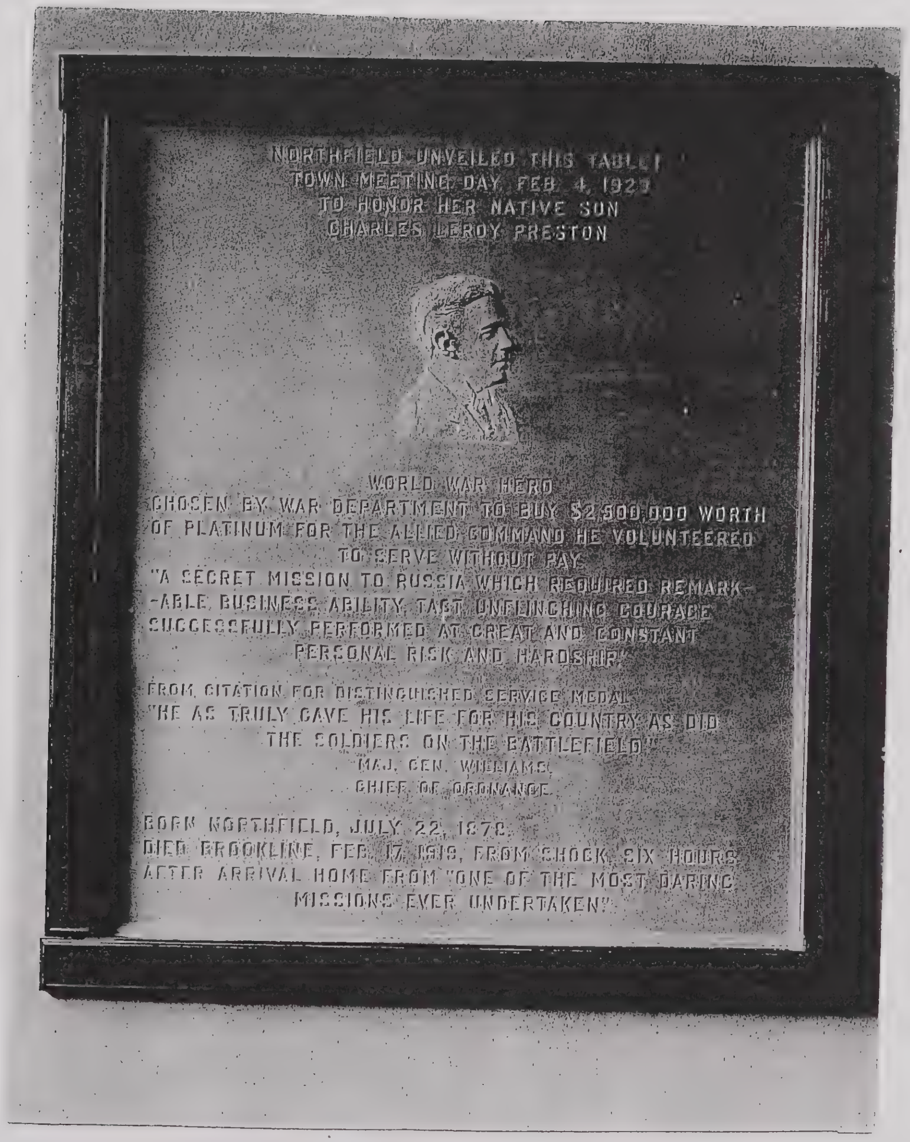
I received your letter of the 12th, and am now in receipt of the photograph of the Preston Memorial. I appreciate your sending it to me, and I assume that you have sent one also to Mrs. Preston.

We will be glad to publish this photo in our house organ.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD C. KEITH
Speaker at dedication
of monument

V/HCK
(Signed in the absence of Mr. Keith)



NORTHFIELD UNVEILED THIS TABLET
TOWN MEETING DAY FEB. 4, 1923
TO HONOR HER NATIVE SON
CHARLES LEROY PRESTON

WORLD WAR HERO
CHOSEN BY WAR DEPARTMENT TO BUY $2,500,000 WORTH
OF PLATINUM FOR THE ALLIED COMMAND HE VOLUNTEERED
TO SERVE WITHOUT PAY
"A SECRET MISSION TO RUSSIA WHICH REQUIRED REMARK-
-ABLE BUSINESS ABILITY, TACT, UNFLINCHING COURAGE
SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT GREAT AND CONSTANT
PERSONAL RISK AND HARDSHIP."

FROM CITATION FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL
"HE AS TRULY GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY AS DID
THE SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD."
MAJ. GEN. WILLIAMS,
CHIEF OF ORDNANCE.

BORN NORTHFIELD, JULY 22, 1878.
DIED BROOKLINE, FEB. 17, 1919, FROM SHOCK, SIX HOURS
AFTER ARRIVAL HOME FROM "ONE OF THE MOST DARING
MISSIONS EVER UNDERTAKEN."

The Art Stone Company

of Millers Falls, Mass, 1906-1933

Compiled by Joel N Fowler, 2019

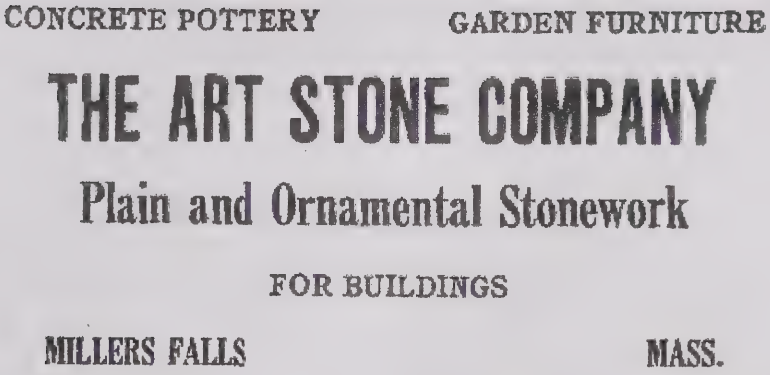
Various types of cement and concrete have been used since ancient times. Its content and uses have evolved over time. Even artificial stone, more often called cast stone now, has been known since the 1700s. This latter process usually involved heating and moulding various materials together, say sand, crushed stone or pebbles, of limestone, granite or marble and cement. The resulting shaped pieces could then be soaked in solutions for the purpose of hardening. Resulting products are often used as architectural features such as trim, ornament, and facing. The term "art stone" may be short for artificial stone or used as a term to suggest that the product is cast in a way to replicate art. Indeed, garden ornament and sculpture became in the 1800s a popular use of the form.

We began hearing more about artificial stone in Massachusetts in the 1870s. The Frear Artificial Stone Co of Bristol County, Massachusetts was founded in 1872. One of the earlier advertisements in 1872 appears from one D J Curtis of Springfield, practical mason and builder, plain and ornamental plasterer. In addition to stucco center pieces, corbels, cornices, consoles, capitals and brackets, terra cotta chimney tops, vases, fountains, etc, he was also taking orders for Shillinger artificial stone pavement. By 1873, we see the Springfield Artificial Stone Co. For many years, artificial stone was used in our area, but seemingly more for sidewalks and curbs. Yet, we also see ads in Springfield in 1890 for artificial stone vases for cemetery use.

Thus far, the origins of the Art Stone Company are somewhat cloaked in mystery. We do know that the Greenfield Artificial Stone Company, Greenfield, Mass, was organized in 1906 in order to manufacture dry process cement blocks. It is not clear whether or where the company may have operated in Greenfield, as in the same year the company bought property of Augustus B Ross on Prospect St, Millers Falls, Mass, near the Millers Falls Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad with spur track, and created a manufactory there. They also leased additional property from Ross. Irving L Bartlett was listed as manager of the company from the start in 1906. He had come under the gaze of one or both of the Wells brothers.

The business started out with a small shed forty feet square and but two or three men employed. It was reported that within two years the business was determined to be unprofitable, as anyone could manufacture cement blocks locally and save themselves the transportation costs. The company then enlarged their building and adjusted the layout for the output of pre-cast building stone. In 1909 they were advertising for cast stone building trimmings as well as for cement blocks.

When the company sold a piece of their property in 1909, F E Wells was president of the company. I doubt that this was a major involvement for him, as he was more concerned with the pipe and die business, as well as with other business activities, principally in Greenfield. He was likely a passive president. In 1910 the company changed their name to the Art Stone Company.



CONCRETE POTTERY GARDEN FURNITURE

THE ART STONE COMPANY

Plain and Ornamental Stonework

FOR BUILDINGS

MILLERS FALLS MASS.

Ad in 1913 Manning directory for Millers Falls, Mass

By 1911, the company manufactured plain and ornamental stone for buildings where they had a sizable trade among the contractors of New England. They also made lawns seats, vases, balustrades and artificial stone steps for formal gardens, creating whole gardens of the art for such as Mr A H Dakin at Amherst, Massachusetts. By this time they had also installed pieces at the Weldon Hotel in Greenfield. Albion B Allen of Amherst, Mass left off his building and construction business in Amherst in 1911 to become president and treasurer of the Art Stone Company in Millers Falls. Another most important addition to the cast of characters was added about 1912 in the person of Noe Regali, who would become the creative force behind the company. One commission the company received under Allen was for placing the stone work of the fountain basin and walks around the Cook Memorial Fountain in Sweetser Park in Amherst. This work was done in 1914, which year Allen left the company to return to business in Amherst.

Cook Memorial Fountain

Bartlett continued to manage the company, while F E Wells' brother Frank O Wells was listed as president in 1916. Again, Wells must also have been passive in the role as he is little mentioned in connection to the company. In fact, other officers of the company are not easily identified for some years. But now, with Bartlett at the helm and Regali as the creative force the company moved forward in the ornamenting of America's gardens and buildings in all colors and textures of pre-cast stone. "Mixed

to almost a liquid state, transported by conveyors to sand moulds into which it was poured, the company found and unlimited market for the commodity in the building, garden furniture, monument, lamp post, fence post and sewer pipe fields." While initial personnel amounted to only two or three people, the company came to employ as many as seventy-five operatives at an annual payroll of about $100,000, producing 100,000 cubic feet of stone a year.

Formal garden work at Shelburne Farms, Vermont, Fountains in Unity Park, Turners Falls, bas-relief on the Hatfield school house and the church of Our Lady of Czestochowa, Turners Falls, are but a few of the projects that kept the Art Stone Company busy. Bartlett and Regali also became involved with the sculpting of ice for Greenfield's winter carnivals and the bas-relief panels on the Ford garage in Greenfield. And they also made the Preston memorial tablet that is in the Northfield town hall.

By 1918 Bartlett had become treasurer and was vice president in 1926. His son Richard then took over superintending the plant and serving as secretary, and his son Irving, Jr, took over as vice president. Regali continued as architect, sculptor and designer. And Bartlett, Sr, spent more time travelling for the business.

At the end of 1929, the company purchased the Production Machine Company's building at upper Wells St, Greenfield, where they would add on to the building and would have the advantage of a Boston & Main railroad siding. The company operated here until the Great Depression forced then out of business. Their property was repossessed in October 1933 and I believe that Bartlett personally suffered in the deal as his home was also foreclosed on.

Noe Regali apparently did not suffer as much, as with partners he was able to open the Architectural Stone Company in Turners Falls the same year. This successor company would operate there until 1970, a greater duration than the original company.

DOCUMENTARY & SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Organization

Greenfield Artificial Stone Company, Greenfield. Organization certified May 18, 1906. - *Annual reports public offices and institutions, 1906*. Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston, 1907

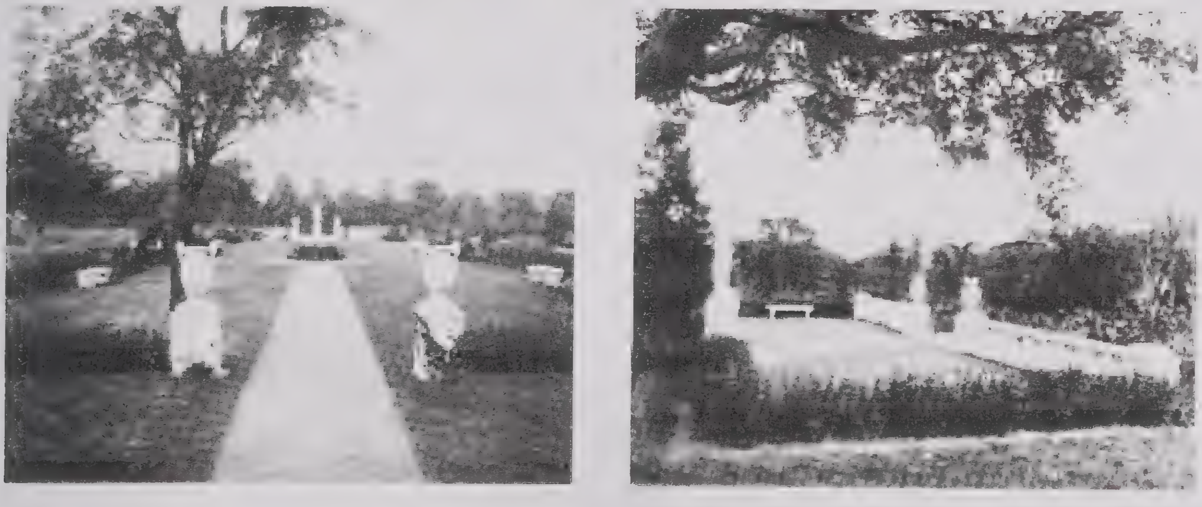
The following named corporations have been authorized to change their names, under chapter 437, section 41, Acts of 1903: -- Greenfield Artificial Stone Company, Greenfield, to The Art Stone Company. 24 May 1910. '- *Report of the Tax Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the year ending 30 Nov 1910*. Boston, Wright & Potter, 1911. p.67 and 483

Chap 0187. An act dissolving certain corporations. Such of the following named corporations as are not already legally dissolved are hereby dissolved, subject to the provisions of sections fifty-one, fifty-two

and fifty-six of chapter one hundred and fifty-five of the General Laws: - The Art Stone Company.
Approved 4 May 1934

History

The Art Stone Company occupy a large plant near the Millers Falls Station of the Boston and Maine Railroad with spur track which gives them excellent shipping facilities. They make a specialty of plain and ornamental stone for building purposes and enjoy a large trade among the contractors of New England. They also specialize in lawns seats, vases, balustrades and artificial stone steps for formal gardens, several fine examples of which may be seen at the residence of Mr A H Dakin at Amherst, Massachusetts; also a number of fine pieces at Hotel Weldon, Greenfield.



THESE SHOW THE ROMAN GARDEN BUILT FOR MR. A. H. DAKIN, AMHERST, MASS.
WE SPECIALIZE IN CONCRETE POTTERY AND GARDEN FURNITURE

OUR MAIN LINE IS PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
STONE WORK FOR BUILDINGS

WRITE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

THE ART STONE COMPANY, Millers Falls, Massachusetts

- *Western New England*, v.2/1 (Jan 1912), p.252

THE ART STONE COMPANY

Another of the almost innumerable instances of the versatility of Massachusetts Industrialists is observed in the story of The Art Stone company, which was incorporated in 1906 to manufacture dry process cement blocks. Within two years the business was found to be unprofitable because anybody could purchase a machine, mix a little sand and cement together, pour the contents into steel moulds, and engage in the manufacture of this material locally, thereby saving all transportation costs.

Did the promoters of the concern scrap the plant, and retire sadder and wiser men? No! On the contrary they enlarged the original building, and readjusted the layout to the manufacture of pre-cast building stone, so fabricated as to imitate any natural stone that is quarried, and with a good many colors and textures unknown even to nature. This was an entirely new product and at that period was practically unknown to engineers, architects, and builders, and was formed by crushing natural stone, granite, or marble, to which

coloring matter was added to match any particular shade required by a customer. Mixed to almost a liquid state, transported by conveyors to sand moulds into which it was poured, the company found an unlimited market for the commodity in the building, garden furniture, monument, lamp post, fence post and sewer pipe fields.

In the intervening twenty years the Millers Falls plant of the concern has grown from a small shed, forty feet square, to a factory which covers approximately three acres, and from a concern employing two or three men to one that now requires the services of seventy-five operatives the present capacity being 100,000 cubic feet of stone a year.

The stone is waterproofed integrally when mixed and again with transparent waterproofing on the exterior before it is shipped to prevent it from being soiled during transit and in installation at the building, and for this reason is more easily cleaned when the structure is finished.

The concern ranks as one of the pioneers in the industry and among the best for quality and service. The industry, which was founded in this and New York state, is now a nation-wide institution.

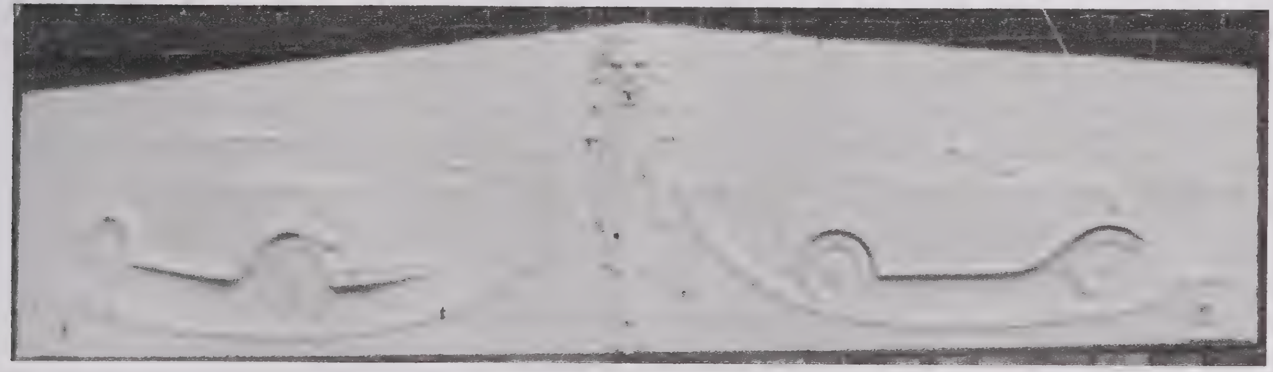
The field of distribution enjoyed by The Art Stone Company, extends as far west as Ohio, south to the Carolinas and north to the St. Lawrence.

Irving L. Bartlett is president and treasurer, Irving L. Bartlett, Jr., vice president, and R. G. Bartlett, superintendent. The concern employs fifty operatives.

'- *History of Massachusetts Industries Their Inception, Growth and Success,* Vol. 1. Orra L Stone. Boston, Mass, S J Clarke, 1930

http://www.americancenturies.mass.edu/collection/itempage.jsp?itemid=15867&level=beginner&transcription=1&img=39

Ford Garage, Greenfield, Mass



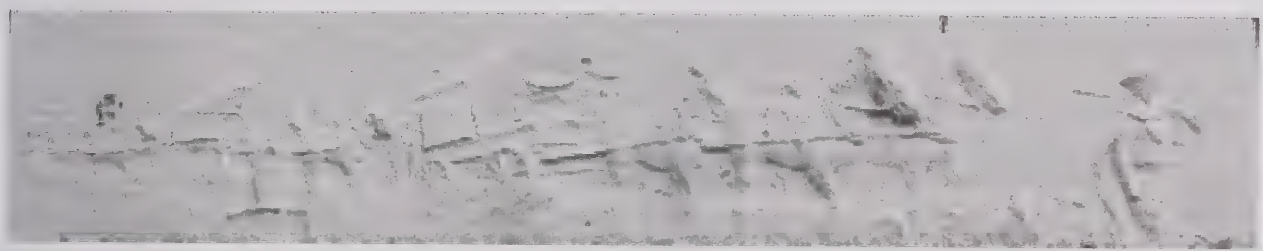
The stonework on the Ford garage [in Greenfield] is special for two reasons. The designs commemorate an era and place. The friezes of a train, planes and automobiles celebrate advances in transportation from the decades before 1930. The reliefs also depict location. One frieze pictures pioneers of the 1700s settling the Connecticut Valley while another, in duplicate, depicts the Hoosac Tunnel. The automobile frieze is probably a metaphoric celebration of the Mohawk Trail.

This artwork is unique in the nation since it was conceived, designed, created and displayed only in Greenfield. In 1930 the new owner of the location and the Ford franchise was John T. Jeffers. As part of an effort to create both a modern and artistic showroom, he contracted with Art Stone foundry, recently relocated to Greenfield from Millers Falls. Local architect Bernard Dirks designed the new showroom with its imaginative panels and it is believed that Noah Rogali [Noe Regali] was the craftsman who created the molds and cast the stonework. These artist/entrepreneurs created a series of pictures described by one reviewer of the times as achievements of "aesthetic uniqueness."

Jeffer's business opened as the prosperity of the 1920's peaked. The panels reflect the enthusiasm and optimism of an era which would quickly become but a memory. With the deepening of economic depression in the 1930's, the ability of the general public to buy new automobiles fell accordingly. During subsequent decades, a series of owners would operate the Ford franchise at one Main St, including a dealership that took its name from one of the panels: Pioneer Motors.

https://greenfield-ma.gov/p/379/Ford-Dealership-Stonework

The panels were over the door and windows at 1 Main St Greenfield. They were saved when the building was raised and donated to the city. Some of them were installed in the interior of the Hope St garage in 2018.



Franklin County Deeds.

Augustus B Ross of Montague sold on the 19th of May 1906, for $500, to the Greenfield Artificial Stone Company of Greenfield, a tract of land with the buildings in the village of Millers Falls on the east side of the road, this being part of what Ross had of Henry H Holton in 1889. For $75, he also sold them all the sand and gravel on a tract east of Prospect St, which they had two years to remove. Fr Co Deeds. 526/5-6. 20 June 1906.

Paul Mooney of Adams and Solomon H Amidon of Montague sold, for $300, to the Greenfield Artificial Stone Company of Greenfield, all the sand and gravel on a tract of land in Millers Falls where the old and new roads to Montague from Millers Falls intersect, having five years to remove it. Fr Co Deeds. 521/343. 1 Nov 1906

On 10 Dec 1906, Augustus B Ross entered into a 10-year lease agreement with the Greenfield Artificial Stone Company for land in the village of Millers Falls east of the Boston & Main railroad tracks, being the

southwest part of the Grout farm and being a triangular piece of meadow containing about two acres, bounded by Prospect St, the railroad and a brook, with rights to extend pipes to the brook 529/220. 24 Jan 1908.

The Greenfield Artificial Stone Company of Greenfield sold to Antony Kostefsky of Montague the land and buildings they had of Ross in 1906. This was signed by the company's president, F E Wells on 3 Apr 1909. 542/42. 5 Apr 1909.

Augustus B Ross extended the lease to the Art Stone Company, formerly known as the Greenfield Artificial Stone Company for another five years, raising the rent from $100 per annum to $165. President Frank O Wells signed in May 1916. 611/348. 1 Feb 1917.

Augustus B Ross extended the lease to the Art Stone Company on 19 Oct 1923 to 1 Dec 1931. This lease was signed by the treasurer, Irving L Bartlett. 706/9.19 Oct 1923

The Production Machine Co (formerly the Blevney Machine Co) in the person of William S Howe, sold to the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls, land and buildings on the east side of Wells St at Cypress St in Greenfield, the stack to be removed. 763/95.6 Nov 1929

The Production Machine Co repossessed the [perhaps 324] Wells St property. 797/74. 24 Oct 1933

News Items:

The Federal-street cemetery association incorporated in 1905 as successor to the Greenfield village cemetery company is making improvements on and around the grounds... A beginning has been made on the wall on the Federal St side. Native stone posts have been placed at the main entrance and artificial stone caps are being made for them. Spfd Republican. 22 Jun 1909, p.14. *It does not say who was making the stone caps*

Greenfield Artificial Stone Co advertises: Cast stone building trimmings, cement blocks, etc. Estimates given. E D Shaw, agent, 130 Firglade Ave. - Spfd Republican. 23 Jun 1909, p.2

Millers Falls. S F Munroe, an Amherst College graduate, in the employ of the Artificial Stone Co, has taken rooms at "Dr" Bartlett's. – Gfd Gazette & Courier. 14 Jan 1911, p.9

Millers Falls. S F Monroe, who for the past year had held a position at the artificial stone works, has resigned his position to accept a similar one in his home of Cos Cob, Ct. 10 Jan 1912, p.6

The dwelling house of the heirs of the Michael O'Keefe estate on Prospect St [Millers Falls] was quite badly damaged by fire yesterday. The contents were mostly removed by the men employed at the Art Stone Company, which is just across the street. - Spfd Republican. 29 Oct 1912, p.14. *Mr & Mrs Michael Ryan, his daughter and son-in-law, were living there at the time.*

Joseph Verrier of Turners Falls, who is employed by the Art Stone Company, lost part of his third finger Thursday while working on a planer. - Spfd Republican. 17 May 1913, p.20

Amherst,Mass. May 18. The Cook fountain committee, composed of Dr Fred Tuckerman, Charles H Edwards and E D Bangs, had awarded the contract for placing the stone work of the fountain basin and walks to the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls of which Albion B Allen of Amherst is president. Work has already begun and will be completed by July 1. The fountain itself will be made of marble under the direction of Olmstead Bros of Brookline. - Spfd Republican. 19 May 1914, p.9

Business in the Art Stone Company's plant and the paper mill do not seem to be effected by the European war as yet. Business is good in both of these manufacturing plants. - Spfd Republican. 19 Aug 1914, p. 18

Mr Nightingale, who is employed by the Art Stone Company, had his leg quite badly bruised, while loading a car at the factory late Saturday afternoon. The car which was being loaded was struck by another car and the planking leading from the factory to the car crushed his leg against the door casing. - Spfd Republican. 25 Aug 1914, p.13

Business in the paper mill and the Art Stone Company continues to be good: both companies are working a full force of help. - Spfd Republican. 28 Sep 1914, p.12

Michael Gordon who is employed by the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls, is spending two weeks at his home in the city [Spfd]. - Spfd Republican. 16 Nov 1914, p.10

Hatfield's new school house was formally opened to public inspection yesterday... The building has a commanding position on the east side of Main St, facing Smith Academy and nearly opposite the head of School St. It is on the lot given the Town by the will of Samuel H Dickinson... The contractor was Andrew D McCormick of Hoyoke... The material is brick with trimmings of cast stone from the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls... - Spfd Republican. 2 Jan 1915, p.9

The new building near the Art Stone's Company's plant is well under way. What is to be made there has not been given out as yet. - Spfd Republican. 25 Oct 1915, p.11

The buildings erected in Millers Falls in 1915 have not been, in number at least, near the average for the past four years. The most important of this season the cast-steel foundry near the Art Stone Company's plant. - Spfd Republican. 3 Jan 1916, p.15

Albert Rau, son of Mr & Mrs Christian Rau of Central St [Turners Falls], sprained an ankle quite badly while at work at the Art Stone Company's shop at Millers Falls last Saturday afternoon. – Gfd Recorder, 14 June 1916, p.6

Millers Falls, June 30. The quick action of James Lombard, a telephone operator, in turning in a fire alarm at 2 o'clock this morning probably prevented serious damage to the Art Stone Company's plant here. Lombard, while sitting at the switch board in the railroad station, discovered the flames coming out of

the east steel foundry of the plant. He immediately pushed a plug and gave the alarm to the fire chief. The building was damaged to the extent of about $300. The origin of the fire is believed to have been from an overheated outlet annealing furnace. - Spfd Republican. 30 June 1916, p.9

The post-office in the Powers Block on Main St, Millers Falls, was broken into and the safe blown open between 2 and 3 o'clock yesterday morning... Two chisels that were taken from the Art Stone Company's factory, and a crowbar and pick that were taken from a hand-car house on the Central Vermont railway, about a quarter of a mile away, were left behind by the thieves. - Spfd Republican. 30 July 1916, p.9

Elisha H Brewster will hear the evidence and make a report to superior court in the case of Art stone company of Millers Falls against the officials of local No 1 of Springfield bricklayers, masons and plasterers' international union of America, No 2, of the same union of Holyoke, the journeymen stonecutters' association of North America and the Springfield vicinity local thereof. - Spfd Republican. 8 July 1917, p.11 [A half-dozen additional articles about the case are published in July. See also: The Stone Cutters Journal, v.28, no 10 (Oct 1923), p5, about union issues].

The steel foundry which is run in connection with the Art stone company has closed for an indefinite period. - Spfd Republican. 11 Aug 1917, p.13

A sweeping finding in favor of the Art Stone company of Millers Falls in its suit against the Journeyman stonecutters' association of North America and the bricklayers, masons and plasterers' union, No.1, of Springfield for an injunction to restrain the defendants from interfering with its business was made by Elisha H Brewster, as special master, in his report to superior court today. The master finds that there was a conspiracy of the defendants for the purpose of boycotting the firm of Gagnier & Angers, and in furtherance thereof it demanded that the plaintiff refuse to sell the firm any of its products...
- Spfd Republican. 7 Feb 1918, p.9

Charles G Worden, 23, of Co L, who has been slightly wounded, was employed by the Art Stone company. - Spfd Republican. 18 Apr 1918, p.5

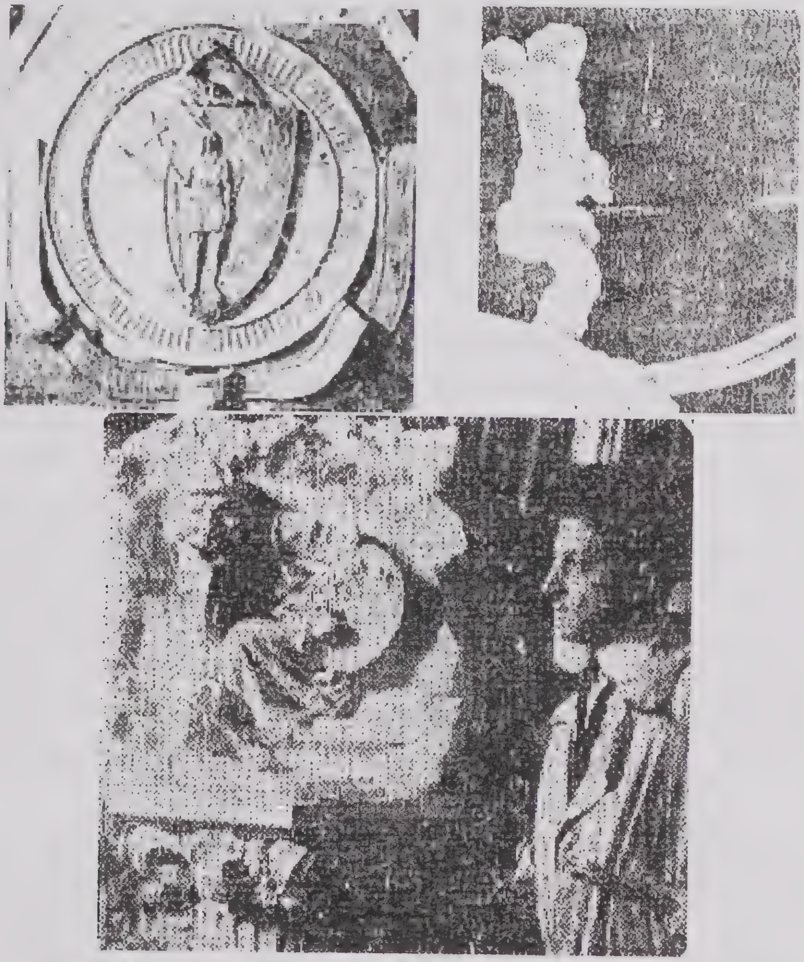
Pvt Ralph Stebbins of Millers Falls is reported slightly wounded. Mr Stebbins is 20 years old and enlisted in Springfield, Oct 26, in Co A 50th engineers and sailed for France in December. His father died in 1909 and his mother in 1913. He was employed by the Art Stone co. - Spfd Republican. 28 Apr 1918, p.2

The Art Stone company is running full time. Business seems to be improving in this line of trade. - Spfd Republican. 30 May 1921, p.6

The July shutdown is but half spent in the Millers Falls company factory. A large number are away on vacations. Fortunately, the paper mill and the Art Stone company are running nearly full time. - Spfd Republican. 18 July 1921, p.4

Greenfield. Industrial accident cases heard. ...Peter Stinzel, an employee of the Art Stone company of Millers Falls, who was injured May 24, 1916... - Spfd Republican. 7 Oct 1921, p.10

The ice palace has been finished [in Greenfield] and its front is graced by a statue of a girl on skis in sports costume that has been a part of the poster and advertising campaign of the carnival committee. This was modeled by Noe Regali of Greenfield, an employee of the Art Stone company of Millers Falls. The figure was modeled of softened snow, hardened in a refrigerating plant, and taken to the common yesterday. There are miles of decorations, thousands of incandescent lights in multi-colors, hundreds of Christmas trees and dozens of flood lights. - Spfd Republican. 12 Jan 1923, p.2



Clay model of state seal; Carnival Girl; and Grotesque with Noe Regali

Snow modeling may become established art for winter days. Noe Regali, red-cheeked Italian, works with the glistening flakes with as much ease as he does with clay – thinks such statues may be made to endure a long time – employer Bartlett hopes to create real "Winter Garden." ...Already there are two pioneers over in Franklin County much concerned in snow beauty possibilities. They are Irving I Bartlett and Noe Regali. Noe is an Italian, born in the Northern part of that warm land, and in his blood courses all the vibrant love of art and music usually attributed to his race. Mr Bartlett is the owner of the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls, for whom Noe models fascinating bits in clay...

… He [Noe] attended the Belle Arts School in Lucca, Italy for four years and later took courses in art in the North Bennett Industrial School and art institutions around Boston. He is also an apt musician playing the clarinet in the 301st Artillery band and serving his time overseas during the world war. He likes modelling better than music, but "couldn't do without either." He has a book full of interesting scenes and subjects which he sketched while in France, and many a doughboy has recognized a familiar hamlet or building, so faithfully has Noe transferred it to paper.

At his studio all day. Noe sits all day in the "studio" of the Art Stone company and with his finely pointed instruments and delicate fingers presses into many shapes and designs the sensitive clay or plasticene. Over this is spread a thin coating of colored plaster, which is called the waste mold. The clay model is then removed and into the plaster cast the limestone or granite mixture is poured. This left to harden for two or three weeks and when it is dug from the ground the stone cutter takes the object in hand and carves it into the required shape. Thus Noe's clay model comes to grace in stone, the top of a tall church spire, the entrance to an imposing public building, or marks an attractive spot in someone's sunken Italian garden.

It is a fascinating occupation, this playing with the boundless possibilities of clay. From tiny ventures, extravagant experiments grow, colossal monuments to great deeds and imposing memorials to heroic men and women. Noe aspires someday to bring forth in clay a figure that will epitomize a deed or thought that is as eternal as his hills of Italy. Even now in molding garden pieces, he gathers in grinning, grubby Polish urchins who are eager to act as his models. He dins it exciting to build snow models. He smiles with the slow radiance of the true Italian, his red cheeks glowing and shaking his head energetically – a head, by the way, covered with wavy black hair which brings forth groans of envy from evey straight-haired American girl – as he says that he used to dislike winter, now he likes it "lots." Switzerland hasn't much more snow than New England has had this season. When the next "awful winter" descends there will be those who will not irk under its stinging lash but will turn into beauty the strength of its outpourings. - Spfd Republican. 18 Feb 1923, p.13

Millers Falls. Oct 18 – Miss Anna S Bartlett and Anton G Angerman, both of this town were married at the Congregational parsonage Monday morning [15 Oct]. Mrs Angerman has been employed as a bookkeeper by George Smith and Mr Angerman is employed by the Art Stone Company. - Spfd Republican. 19 Oct 1923, p.3

Turners Falls. The playground commission has voted to purchase two drinking fountains which will be installed at Unity Park. The fountains were ordered today from the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls and it is hope to have them installed within three weeks. - Spfd Republican. 3 May 1924, p.8

Millers Fall. Dec 13 – A Mack truck owned by George H Smith of this town was demolished at a grade crossing this morning by a Central Vermont passenger train. The truck was driven by Chester Ellis, who was forced to jump for his life. Mr Ellis was starting for Springfield with a load of last stone from the Art Stone company and had reached the crossing when he heard the whistle of the train. He jumped just in

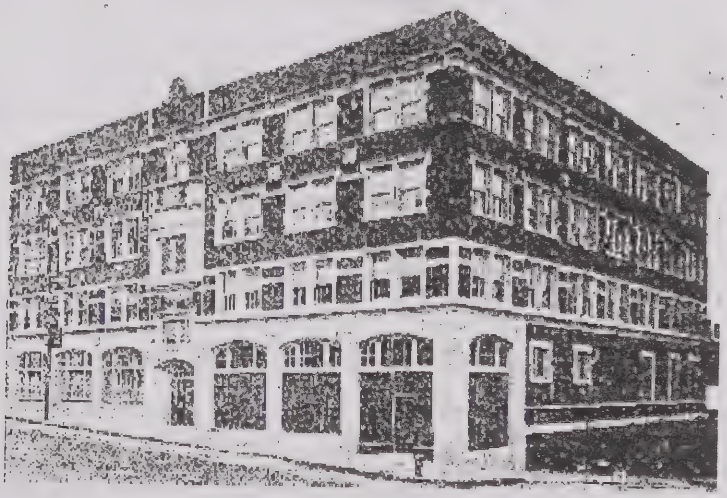
time for the engine hit the truck in the middle and threw him to one sided. -Spfd Republican. 14 Dec 1924, p.1

Beautiful Example of Art-Stone Work By Art-Stone Co. of Millers Falls

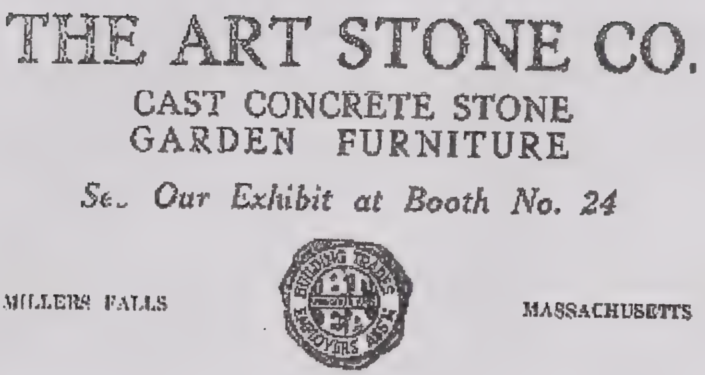
. - Spfd Republican. 1 Mar 1925, p.40

Miss Edith Rosewarne, daughter of Mr & Mrs William Rosewarne of School St, and Clifton J Bassett of G Street, were married this morning… The groom is employed at the Art Stone Company in Millers Falls. - Spfd Republican. 5 Jan 1926, p.7

Stage is set for second annual exposition of better building… The Art Stone Company of Millers Falls is showing attractive things…. - Spfd Republican. 21 Mar 1926, p.45



PROFESSIONAL BUILDING
R. Hammett Seabury Co., Architect



THE ART STONE CO.

CAST CONCRETE STONE
GARDEN FURNITURE

See Our Exhibit at Booth No. 24

MILLERS FALLS MASSACHUSETTS

- Spfd Republican. 21 Mar 1926, p.47

Finding that Leonard Tierney has been totally incapacitated for work as result of his injury since Dec 18, 1925, F J Donahue, commissioner of the Industrial Accident Board, yesterday awarded him compensation at the rate of $16 a week beginning Dec 19, 1925, up to the date of the hearing and continuing in accordance with the terms of the compensation act. The amount of the compensation due up to the date of the hearing was $137.14. The employer was the Art Stone Company, and the insurer the Traveler's Insurance Co. The claimant alleged that on August 1, 1925, he received a personal injury in the course of and arising out of his employment at his employer's place of business in Millers Falls.The injury was due to the inhalation of small particles of atone and dust, that the nature of the injury is fibroid tuberculosis or stone grinder's phthisis. - Spfd Republican. 28 May 1926, p.4

Walter Scott of Amherst, who received a fracture of the neck in an automobile accident yesterday at Athol, was once employed at the plant of the Art Stone Company. - Spfd Republican. 28 Dec 1927, p.10

Engine kills one at Millers Falls. John Bonie, 60, dies and Andrew Thompson, 45, bruised when thrown to one side by B & M freight. Millers Falls, July 5. – … just west of the dry bridge and near the passenger station… The two men were on their way to work at the plant of the Art Stone company before 1 pm, and were walking on the Central Vermont tracks, which run very close to the Boston & Maine track at the point where the accident occurred. They got out of the way of a south-bound Central Vermont freight onto the west-bound track of the Boston & Maine railroad and into the path of a west-bound freight. At the time an east-bound freight was approaching, and the noise caused by it no doubt made the men unaware of the west-bound freight. - Spfd Republican. 6 Jul 1928, p.3

Millers Falls. July 20 - Patrick Breslin, 51, died late this afternoon after an illness of one year… He was employed at the Art Stone company's plant up until about a year ago. - Spfd Republican. 21 Jul 1928, p.4

Millers Falls. John D Bane, Jr, son of Mr & Mrs John D Bane of this town, and Miss Anna Petrasek of Turners Falls were married at the Polish church Saturday morning… The groom is a native of Millers Falls and is employed at the plant of the Art Stone company in Millers Falls… They will live on Central St
- Spfd Republican. 29 Oct 1928, p.7; 26 Oct 1928, p.31

Bas-relief being made. The bas-relief for the front of the Church of Our Lady of Czestochowa is being made at the Art Stone Company in Millers Falls and is a splendid piece of work. The local sculptor, Noe Regali, is doing the work. It is twelve feet long and ten feet high and will make a handsome adornment for the front of the church. The work of art is from Mr Regali's own design. - Spfd Republican. 5 Feb 1929, p.4

Town lauds memory of World War hero. Northfield unveils tablet to C L Preston who made secret trip to Russia. Northfield, February 4 – The memory of Charles Leroy Preston World War hero, who was born here 22 July 1878 was honored by the town at the afternoon session of the town-meeting today when a tablet to his memory was unveiled. The tablet which included a bas relief of Mr Preston, reads… The tablet, for which an appropriation was made by the town, was made by the Art Stone company of Millers Falls . The town committee in charge was Frank L Duley as chairman, Mrs N P Wood, and Lieut Clarence Steadler…The tablet was unveiled by Rena Tyler of Northfield, daughter of Mr Preston's cousin… - Spfd Republican. 7 Feb 1929, p.6

Greenfield. Industry will come from Millers Falls. Art Stone Co hiring 65 men, will make shift within month. The Art Stone Co of Millers Falls, of pre-cast building stone, within three weeks or a month, it was announced today at the Chamber of Commerce. The company employs about 65 to 70 men and the annual payroll is about $100,000.

The company is expected to locate in the buildings used by the Production Machine Co of upper Wells St. Business expansion was the reason given by Richard G Bartlett, superintendent, for the change.

The Wells St building has 16,00 sq ft of floor space and the company plans an addition giving 5500 ft more. Work is expected to start on the addition within a week.

Total tonnage of the company's finished product each year is estimated at 6000 tons. New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey comprise the territory which the Art Stone Co does most of its business, but orders have been handled as far south as Hampton Roads, Va. . - Spfd Republican. 19 Oct 1929, p.3

New industry for town. Greenfield is fortunate in securing such an industry as the Art Stone company, which has been in business in Millers Falls for 22 years. The reason for the change is the expansion of the business. The facilities offered in Greenfield were better than those offered the company by other communities. The factory formerly occupied by the Production Tool company is being put into readiness and the company expects to be installed in the new plant within a few weeks. The products of this company are sold throughout the New England states, New York, New Jersey and into the South, and they employ about 70 men. With larger facilities an increased force of men probably will be employed. Much of the credit for this new acquisition is given to the industrial development committee of the Chamber of Commerce. This committee has negotiated with several other industries in the hopes of interesting them in coming to Greenfield to locate. While the Art stone Company is not as large a

concern perhaps, the fact of its steady growth and its substantial record during the years in Millers Falls commends it as a fine addition to the town's industries. - Spfd Republican. 27 Oct 1929, p.3

Art Stone Company takes new factory. Work of transferring from Millers Falls to Greenfield is being hastened. Rapid work is being done in transferring the operations of the Art Stone Company from Millers Falls to the property in upper Wells St, in Greenfield, formerly used by the Production Machine Co. This concern has a record of 22 years as manufacturer of cement products. It has acquired a large building with walls largely of glass and additional lighting from overhead. This contains about 16,000 square feet of floor space and 5500 feet will be added by the erection of a heavy frame building. A steel shed already erected on the premises will be used as a garage. Approximately 70 persons will be employed in a building that has lain idel for a number of years. The company will have the advantages of a Boston & Maine railroad siding. Richard G Bartlett is manager of the plant. - Spfd Republican. 3 Nov 1929, p.38

Millers Falls. The Togneri family of Franklin Street seem to have their hard luck in bunches. Friday morning the father, Lewis Togneri, had the misfortune to have a casting fall on his foot at the plant of the Art Stone Co. Dr William j Madsen was called and ordered the injured man taken to the Farren Memorial Hospital. In the afternoon one of his sons, Charles Togneri, who works at the same plant, met with a similar accident. He was also taken to the hospital. - Spfd Republican. 18 Nov 1929, p.7

Some of the employees at the plant of the Art Stone Co organized a basketball team last year with Ralph Lillie as manager, and as soon as possible put in an application and were received into the Industrial League. Theis year they have again organized and have a strong team. The is made up of the following players: Capt Rau, Bassett, Hannifan, Byk, Sevina and Driscoll, and the men have appointed Ralph Lillie as their manager again this year. The manager would be pleased to receive challenges. - Spfd Republican. 13 Dec 1929, p16

Snow statue wins attention. The snow statue of Miss Elsie Allen, winter carnival queen, on the common, is attracting much attention. The work was done by Noe Regali, artist with the Art Stone Co, from a picture of Miss Allen on skis. - Spfd Republican. 10 Feb 1931, p.5

Cast stone exhibit. Art Stone Company has been making a striking exhibit of its products at the First National Bank and Trust Co in Greenfield, including a copy of the Venus de Medici, a miniature Italian garden, with an arbor and fluted pillars along with various stone pieces, and a miniature reproduction of salient features of the Poet's Seat in Greenfield. This company moved its operations from Millers Falls to Greenfield about two years ago. - Spfd Republican. 22 Mar 1931, p.14

Art Stone Company optimistic. The newest edition to local manufacturing concerns reports a 50% decrease in business in 1931 and still sounds a note of optimism. This is the Art Stone Company, makers of structural and ornamental stone of all kinds. With a normal payroll of about 90, this concern has operated during the past year with half that number. The company moved here last year from Millers Falls into much large and better adapted quarters on upper Wells St. In spite of the 50% decrease,

Richard G Bartlett, superintendent of the company, says that competitors have suffered as much or more and that the Art Stone Company has had its share of the contracts that have been let. One of the last projects handled by his concern was the stone for the Lewis J Warner Memorial Auditorium at Worcester Academy. Mr Warner, of Warner Bros fame, erected the building at a cost of nearly $150,000 as memorial to his son who was a student at the academy. The Art Stone Company started work on the order for 8500 cubic feet of stone on September 18 and the contract was completed and the stone delivered and laid Tuesday. Two other major projects in 1931 were the St Agnes School at Louden Heights, Albany, NY, a $250,000 building and the Broad Street School, Glens Falls, NY. The Art Stone Company successfully compotes with concerns throughout New England and several other states. Stone for new cell blocks at the Dannemora (NY) State Prison has been furnished and additional orders for the same job are still unfilled. - Spfd Republican. 10 Jan 1932, p.65.

Turners Falls. Peter Togneri Dead. Peter Togneri, 61, a former well-known resident here died at Lucca Italy, Jan 18 it was learned here today. He went to Italy last September hoping to regain his health. He was born in Lucca and came here 34 years ago. He was employed for many years by the Art Stone Company formerly of Millers Falls and now of Greenfield. He leaves three sons, John and Edward of this town, and Angelo of Boston; three daughters, Mrs Jennie Regali and Miss Theresa Togneri of this town and Mrs Perigna Regalli of Granville, NY; a brother Louis Togneri of Greenfield and two sisters of Lucca. The funeral and burial were held at Lucca. - Spfd Republican. 2 Feb 1932, p.3.

GREENFIELD VIEWS RENAISSANCE WORK AT TURNERS FALLS

Home of Noe Regali, Artist and Sculptor, Recreates Italian Atmosphere

HAS BECOME MECCA FOR BEAUTY LOVERS

Talent and Ingenuity of Owner Apparent in Borders, Panels and Frescoes Throughout Villa

From Our Special Correspondent

Greenfield, July 30—In Greenfield and nearby towns there are numerous examples of English, Spanish and Dutch architecture, to say nothing of a dozen variations of colonial, design and furnishing. But an Italian interior, reproductive of the spirit of the Renaissance, in a typically New England neighborhood, is a discovery that several local residents have made but recently.

So far as known, the home of Mr and Mrs Noe Regali of 18 Crocker avenue, Turners Falls, represents the only attempt in Franklin county to recreate the atmosphere of a real Italian villa and the charm of home-life in the "land of the myrtle and the pine." That its novelty and perfection have been accomplished by one of the few artists in the country who make a living at their trade is perhaps one of the reasons why the Regali home has become a mecca for beauty-loving Greenfield residents.

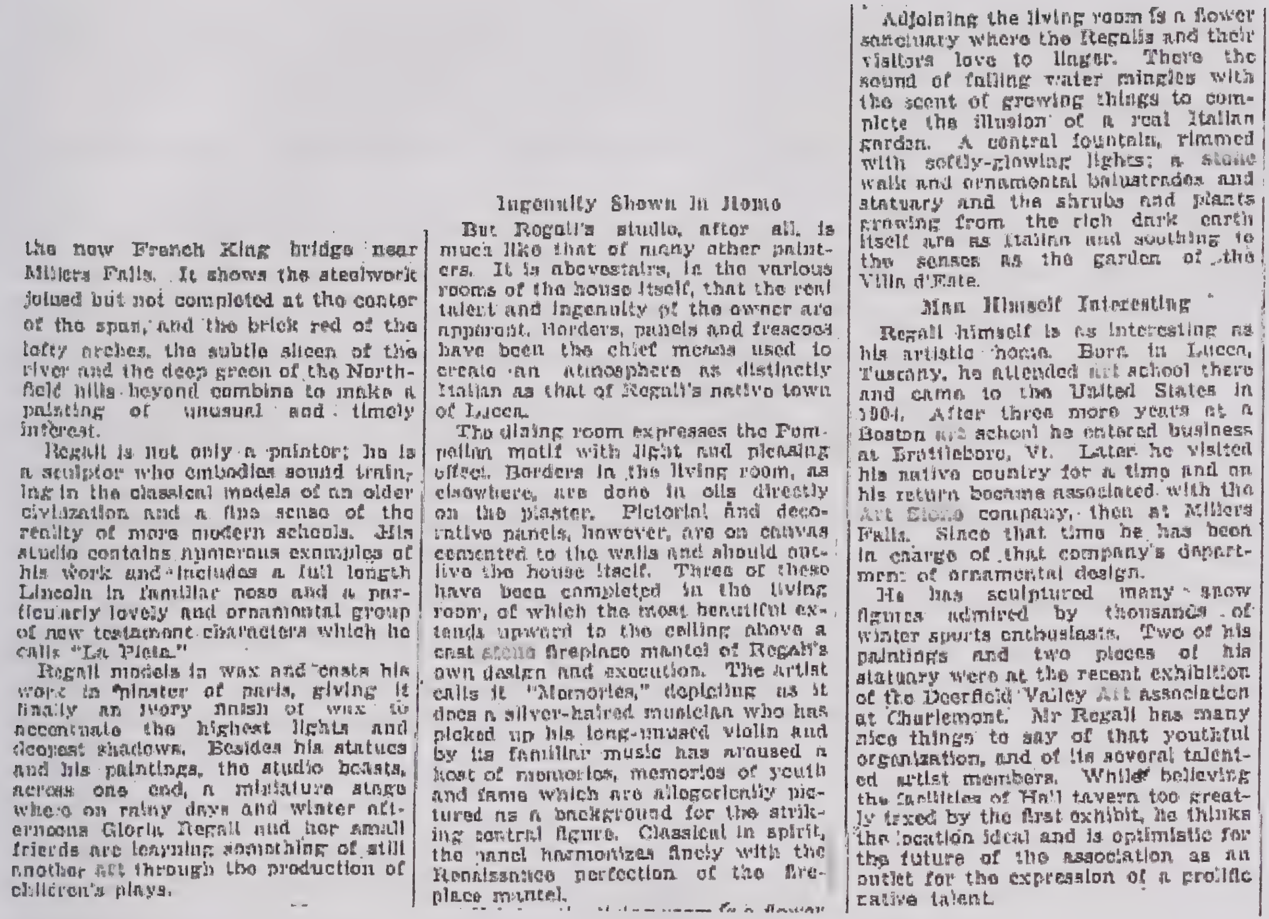
One approaches the Regali home, with no intimation of the surprise in store, along a flagged walk bordered with sturdy dwarf rambler roses and hydrangeas in full bloom. A cast-stone watchdog guards the terraced entrance and a frog of gargantuan proportions on the lawn induces the first feelings of unreality. The visitor may be greeted by Mrs Regali, a charming hostess; by Gloria Regali, nine; or, now that vacation is on, by Angelo Tognerl, art instructor in a Belmont private school. Almost never will he be greeted by Noe Regali himself. Regali at home is Regali the artist and, as such, he is more likely to be found among the pictures and statues in his spacious basement studio. For he is a painter as well as sculptor and, like Dexter Marsh, who made the fossil footprints of the valley sandstone famous, spends all his leisure with palette and brushes and easel among the country scenes of Gill and Montague. Sundays and holidays, Mrs Regali says, he is away early to the fields and country roads, returning late with sketches and partly finished paintings to be completed later in his studio.

Latest Is a Gill Farm

Mr Regali's latest painting (all his work is done in oil) is of the old Levitre farm at Gill. It is a favorite subject and he has two of them, done from different viewpoints. The studio walls are hung with many examples of his work, some recent, others older. One is of the Peleg Adams place on Lampblack road, one of Cabot lodge on the Connecticut near the Millers river mouth. In not a few he has caught the charm and mystery of Factory hollow and its old brick houses.

The Bourget farm, or old "Clapp" place in Gill, is striking in its contrast of winter snow and darkly cozy buildings. A "Study of an Old Man" is a splendid, haunting revelation of Italian peasant character, nearly lifesize, in black and white. There are numerous Venetian scenes in which the artist has recaptured the impression of brilliant light so characteristic of the Adriatic seashore and the softly paling colors of distant sails and headlands.

One of the most interesting and most richly colored canvases in the Regali studio is a recent painting of



the new French King bridge near Millers Falls. It shows the steelwork joined but not completed at the center of the span, and the brick red of the lofty arches, the subtle sheen of the river and the deep green of the Northfield hills beyond combine to make a painting of unusual and timely interest.

Regali is not only a painter; he is a sculptor who embodies sound training in the classical models of an older civilization and a fine sense of the reality of more modern schools. His studio contains numerous examples of his work and includes a full length Lincoln in familiar pose and a particularly lovely and ornamental group of new testament characters which he calls "La Pieta."

Regali models in wax and casts his work in plaster of paris, giving it finally an ivory finish of wax to accentuate the highest lights and deepest shadows. Besides his statues and his paintings, the studio boasts, across one end, a miniature stage where on rainy days and winter afternoons Gloria Regali and her small friends are learning something of still another art through the production of children's plays.

Ingenuity Shown in Home

But Regali's studio, after all, is much like that of many other painters. It is abovestairs, in the various rooms of the house itself, that the real talent and ingenuity of the owner are apparent. Borders, panels and frescoes have been the chief means used to create an atmosphere as distinctly Italian as that of Regali's native town of Lucca.

The dining room expresses the Pompeiian motif with light and pleasing effect. Borders in the living room, as elsewhere, are done in oils directly on the plaster. Pictorial and decorative panels, however, are on canvas cemented to the walls and should outlive the house itself. Three of these have been completed in the living room, of which the most beautiful extends upward to the ceiling above a cast stone fireplace mantel of Regali's own design and execution. The artist calls it "Memories," depicting as it does a silver-haired musician who has picked up his long-unused violin and by its familiar music has aroused a host of memories, memories of youth and fame which are allegorically pictured as a background for the striking central figure. Classical in spirit, the panel harmonizes finely with the Renaissance perfection of the fireplace mantel.

Adjoining the living room is a flower sanctuary where the Regalis and their visitors love to linger. There the sound of falling water mingles with the scent of growing things to complete the illusion of a real Italian garden. A central fountain, rimmed with softly-glowing lights; a stone walk and ornamental balustrades and statuary and the shrubs and plants growing from the rich dark earth itself are as Italian and soothing to the senses as the garden of the Villa d'Este.

Man Himself Interesting

Regali himself is as interesting as his artistic home. Born in Lucca, Tuscany, he attended art school there and came to the United States in 1904. After three more years at a Boston art school he entered business at Brattleboro, Vt. Later he visited his native country for a time and on his return became associated with the Art Stone company, then at Millers Falls. Since that time he has been in charge of that company's department of ornamental design.

He has sculptured many snow figures admired by thousands of winter sports enthusiasts. Two of his paintings and two pieces of his statuary were at the recent exhibition of the Deerfield Valley Art association at Charlemont. Mr Regali has many nice things to say of that youthful organization, and of its several talented artist members. While believing the facilities of Hall tavern too greatly taxed by the first exhibit, he thinks the location ideal and is optimistic for the future of the association as an outlet for the expression of a prolific native talent.

- Spfd Republican. 31 Jul 1932, p.9

Art Stone Company Hit. Whereas the Art Stone Company was getting its share of the few building contracts that were being let, during the past year, according to Irving L Bartlett, president and treasurer, there were no contracts to get a share of. Private enterprise, the "bread and butter" of this industry as of so many others, practically disappeared . The local concern furnished stone for one large new building, the Hall Realty building on Capitol Hill, Albany, in 1932. Besides that, art stone was furnished for some 15 schools and a couple of churches, a number of which were merely fire replacements/ Schoolhouses used to form an important share pf the Art Stone Company's annual volume. Now, towns and cities that would like to build new schools are able to get state approval of bond issues only to find themselves unable to sell their bonds.

The new field of art stone farm silos continues to supply occasional orders. According to Richard G Bartlett, secretary and superintendent of the Art Stone Company, concrete farm silos are the coming thing. A number were made here in 1932 and erected by three-men crews from the local plant, who require about five days to erect a 20-by-40 foot concrete silo of 22-acre capacity. As fast as farmers feel they can afford it they are buying art stone silos but there again a local industry is dependent on another in a more precarious condition.

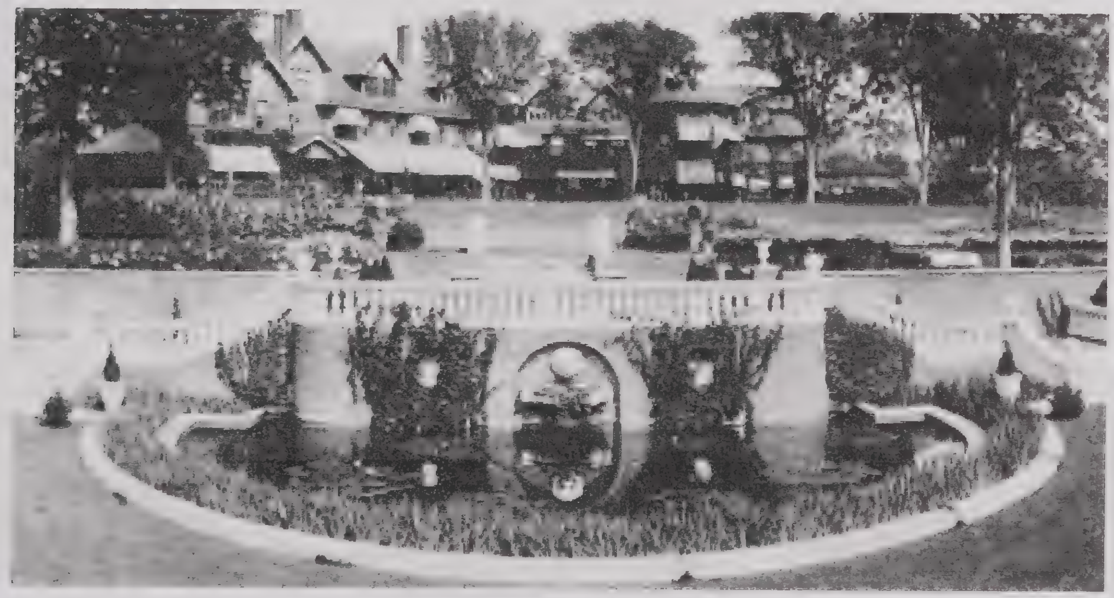
As illustrative of the greed of general contractors for work to keep their gangs employed, Mr Bartlett mentioned a federal project in a nearby town on which there were some 70 bidders. He takes some satisfaction in the fact that out of seventeen art stone manufacturers in New England a year or two ago, but three or four are still in business. - Spfd Republican. 4 Jan 1933, p.17

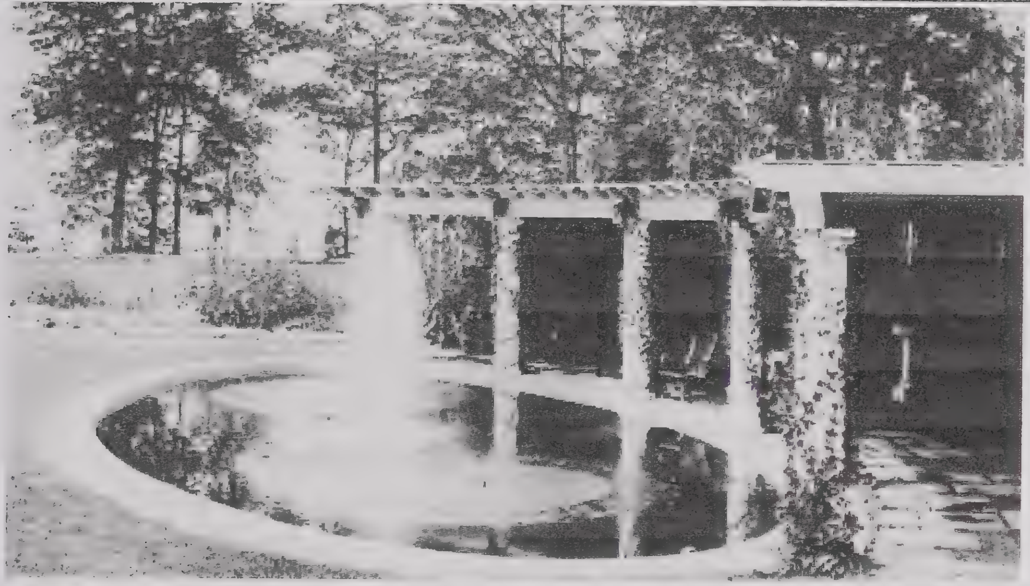
Turners Falls. New industry is launched. Cast stone concern to occupy the McLane Silk Company Building [built in 1914]. Turners Falls, Oct 2. Turners Falls is to have a new industry, the McLane Silk Company Building having been leased by Noe Regali of this town, Samuel Failla of Greenfield and Fred Greenough of Millers Falls who will engage in the manufacture of cast stone garden ornaments and benches and in fact all kinds of cast cement work. A few minor changes will be made to the building and work was started today installing equipment and supplies. All three men are experts in cement work.

Only a few men will be employed at first but more will be added from time to time as business warrants. Mr Regali has been with the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls and Greenfield for the past 22 years as architect, sculptor and designer. He is a high grade artist and his work has evoked much favorable comment in art circles. Mr Failla has been in the cement contracting business in Greenfield for the past 24 years and Mr Greenough has been with the Art Stone Company for 20years as general superintendent of the plant and salesmen. - Spfd Republican. 3 Oct 1933, p.11

SHELBURNE FARMS. Shelburne, Vt

PHASE II. Lakeside Terrace & Lily Pool, *completed 2012*. The balustrade, constructed in 1914 by the Art Stone Company of Millers Falls, Massachusetts, and lily pool (ca 1918) replaced Lila's original parterre design on the lowest level of the garden. These elements have been meticulously restored and reconstructed by a historic preservation team from the University of Vermont.

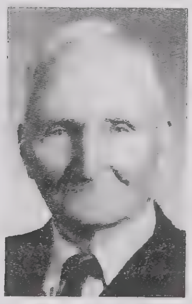




Formal Gardens Restoration Project, Shelburne Farms
https://shelburnefarms.org/support/projects/formal-gardens-restoration-project

Biography

Albion Brainard Allen



For more than three decades a resident of Amherst, Hampshire County, and one of this town's most active and substantial business men, Mr. Allen's operations as a builder have contributed very materially not only to the development of his own community, but to that of numerous other New England towns.

Albion Brainard Allen was born in Mooers, New York, July 23, 1864, and was educated in the select schools of his native region. He worked on his father's farm and in the hop yards until he was twenty-two years old, teaching school at times beginning with his sixteenth year and also learning the carpenter's trade. At the age of twenty-two he attended the State Normal School, at Potsdam, New York, where he took the classical course. He then taught for a year at the Normal School and later had the school at Allensburg, New York. Eventually he became interested in building, architectural work and engineering.

In 1892 he removed to Amherst, Hampshire County, and there formed, with his younger brother, George S. Allen, the firm of Allen Brothers. They engaged in building and construction work, much of their work being for the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, for which they built bridges, power houses and railroad stations over the entire system. In 1911 he withdrew from this work and removed to Millers Falls, Franklin County, where he became president and treasurer of the Art Stone Company,

manufacturers of artificial stone. In 1914 he severed his connection with this company, returned to Amherst and resumed again his building and contracting business in association with his brother, the latter, however, withdrawing later since which time Mr. Allen has carried on the business for himself. https://www.accessgenealogy.com/massachusetts/biography-of-albion-brainard-allen.htm

Albion was the son of Ira T & Jane (Wakefield) Allen. He died in Santa Clara County, Calif, 1 Nov 1945.He had two wives and a son by his second wife.

Anton Gwastschnig Angermann

Anton G Angermann was born Bavaria, Germany, 12 June 1885, and died Montague, Mass, 1958. He married, Millers Falls, Montague, 15 Oct 1923, Anna K (Stotz) Bartlett, daughter of George & Anna (Kratt) Stotz, widow of Herbert S Bartlett, born Germany, 1878, died Montague,Mass, 1952. They are buried Highland Cemetery, Millers Falls, Montague, Mass.

Anton immigrated in 1912. He was listed on the Erving side of Millers Falls, Mass, 1913 and 1916, as employed at the Art Stone Co. He was listed on Franklin St, Millers Falls, Erving, 1918, as a pattern maker for the Greenfield Artificial Stone Works, (though it had long since changed its name) and listed Irving L Bartlett of Greenfield as a friend in lieu of a nearest relative. He was listed as employed at the Art Stone Co in 1926. He was enumerated on Main St, Millers Falls, Montague as employed at the Art Stone shop, though now it had moved to Greenfield. He was listed as carpenter in 1940-45

Irving Lucius Bartlett

Irving L Bartlett, son of Horace F & Caroline E (Graves) Bartlett, was born Worthington, Mass, 30 Jan 1877, and died Saratoga Springs, NY, Dec 1948. He married, Bessie Louisa Gurney, teacher of Worthington, who died suddenly at home, Greenfield, Mass, 18 June 1935. They are buried North Cemetery, Worthington, Mass.

Irving had been a painter in Worthington in 1899. He went to live with his Uncle Fred Graves in Whately, Mass, 1900, then enumerated as a house painter. He was given as a carpenter in Whately in 1903 and a painter in 1905. He was living in the Weldon Hotel in 1906, when he became manager of the Greenfield Artificial Stone Co and on Church St the following year or so. Irving's brother, Guy F Bartlett (1882-1970), a painter sometimes employed by the Weldon, was with him here by 1909, but it is not clear whether he had any connection to the Art Stone Co, though he reportedly moved either to Millers Falls in 1909 or to New Haven, Ct, before returning to Worthington. Guy would also return in later years to do work on the hotel.

As of Greenfield, Mass, Irving bought property on Union St in 1909 and was enumerated there, in 1910 as manager of the stone plant, as he was in 1920 and 1930. In 1918, he had been given as treasurer and manager of the company, at 5 Prospect St, Millers Falls, with a 49 Union St, Greenfield residence. He was vice president in 1926 and he served as president and treasurer of the company from 1927 to 1932, his son Irving L Bartlett, Jr, then vice president and draftsman and his son Richard G Bartlett, secretary and superintendent. Irving still resided at 49 Union St in 1933, not listed with an occupation. He was

salesman in 1934. His home property was foreclosed on in 1935. In 1935-36, he was at 15 Congress St, salesman. He was at 106 Shelburne Rd, 1937, salesman. He went to Saratoga Springs, NY with his son Irving, 1939-42, both there listed as builders. He was on Silver St, Greenfield, Mass, 1943, clerk and on High St, 1944-45, clerk. He then re-joined his son Irving in Saratoga Springs.

"Irving Lucius Bartlett has shown that a man with ambition, combined with real energy and honest efforts, can make a success in the business world. That is what he has done, and in return for his hard work financial prosperity has been his reward...

He was educated in the schools of his native town, and at the Williston Seminary, of Easthampton, after which he began his business career by entering a box factory in Whately. In 1905, when the Weldon Hotel was built by Frank O Wells, in Greenfield, Mr Bartlett was engaged by Mr Wells to look after his interest, his executive ability having long been recognized.

In 1906 he became connected with the Artificial Stone Company, of Greenfield which in later years had its large manufacturing plant in Miller's Falls. Mr Bartlett by hard work and close attention to the business rose in position form one of a lowly grade to that of treasurer and manager of the company. In January 1924, he had the still higher honor of becoming sole owner, and in this capacity he is working for its interest today. Beginning in a small way the business had grown tremendously, now employing as many as seventy-five men. The manufacture stone form this plant has been used in hundreds of buildings throughout New England, New York and Pennsylvania, even as far south as Maryland. Fine engraving is done on many of the stones by expert artists, and consequently much of it has been used for churches where stone with the finest of workmanship in the making of Gothic designs and figures is required. At present the government is considering the product of Mr Bartlett's plant for the construction of its government buildings. Mr Bartlett is a very busy man, devoting much of his time to travel, in the interest of his business, usually travelling by means of the automobile. He therefore has very little time to devote to social or public activities." – *Western Massachusetts: a history, 1636-1925.* V.3. John H Lockwood, ed. NY: Lewis Historical Publ Co, 1926

Children:

Irving L Bartlett, b. Whately, Mass, 17 Jan 1903; d. Jun 1984, bur Greenridge Cem, Saratoga Springs, NY; at home, 1922, student; vp and draftsman of Art Stone Co, 1927-32; draftsman, 1933-37; in Saratoga Springs, NY by 1939 where he had various jobs

Richard G Bartlett, b. Whately, Mass, 3 Jul 1905; d. Volusia Co, Fla, 4 Mar 1992; m. Bernice H Bates; at home, 1922, student; sec and supt of Art Stone Co, 1927-32; carpenter in Greenfield, Mass in 1933; Gfd, Mass or Cobleskill, NY, 1935; Glenville, NY, 1940-42, house contractor; Dade Co, Fla, 1945; 6 c

David White Bartlett, b. Gfd, Mass, 15 Jan 1913; d. there, 12 Jun 1977; m. 1936, Gwendolyn Sarah Reid; at home, 1933, student; w/Farr & Bartlett, 1936-37; was a haberdasher who would soon become president of Bartlett's, Inc, a men's clothing store in Greenfield from the late 1930s to 1974; 1 dau, i.e. Judith (Bartlett) Lane, b. 1938

Irene M Berard

Irene Margaret Berard, daughter of Thomas S & Bridget E (Cuff) Berard, was born Millers Falls, Mass, 23 Aug 1889, and died Brattleboro, Vt, as of 50 Main St, Millers Falls, 1 Jan 1947, of a cerebral hemorrhage due to two years of undiagnosed psychosis. As stenographer of Montague, she married there, 23 Apr 1914, Raymond Holden Gould, assistant art manager of Montague, son of John C & Lizzie E (Holden) Gould, born Montague, 9 Mar 1891, died Brattleboro, 30 June 1972, of heart disease, postmaster. They are buried Highland Cemetery, Millers Falls, Mass.

Irene is one of the earliest identified employees of the Art Stone Co, being listed as a stenographer for the company by 1910 and serving to 1916 anyway. Raymond served in World War I and then was employed at the Art Stone Co, as laborer, in 1920. He was in Millers Falls in 1930, post master; 1940, proprietor of a confectionary store; and was later a painter.

Children:
Shirley Gould, b. & d. 1921
Justin Berard Gould, b. MFalls, 6 Aug 1925; d. Montague, 23 Apr 1981; m. Claire M Thomas; 3 c

John Bonie

John (Giovanni) Bonie, son of Isadoro & Catherina (Fredigoti) Bonie, was born Austria, about Apr 1865, and died Montague, Mass, 5 July 1928, after being hit by a freight train in Millers Falls. As laborer of Readsboro, Vt, he married, North Adams, Mass, 7 Oct 1893, Mary (Maria) T Risatti of North Adams, daughter of Antonio & Carolina (Ferrasi) Risatti, born Austria, about Jan 1869, died Springfield, Mass, 27 June 1962, buried St Mary's Cemetery, Turners Falls, Mass. They were of Italian extraction.

John arrived in New York City on 19 April 1888 and was naturalized in 1895. Mary immigrated about 1893-94. He was given as farmer in Readsboro, Vt, 1894. They were enumerated in Monroe, Mass, 1900, he laborer in paper mill. They came to Millers Falls, Mass by 1913, where he went to work for the Art Stone Co. Mary bought property on Front St in 1920, now 11 Crescent St, that their son Edward sold in 1980. They were enumerated Millers Falls, Montague, 1920, John moulder in the stone factory. Mary was enumerated there in 1930 and 1940. She was still listed there 1958. She went to her daughter's home in Springfield where she died.

Children:
Henry Joseph Bonie, b. Readsboro, Vt, 6 Sep 1894; d. Twin Falls, Idaho, 26 Dec 1973; m. Vancouver, Wash, 2 Sep 1927, Marie M Pierce; MF Co, 1916; Athol, Mass, 1917, LS Starrett; US Army, 1917-19; at home, 1920; Vancouver, Wash, 1921, 1928; Portland, Ore, 1925-29; Ogden, Utah, 1938-62, poultry financing co

1919

Josephine C Bonie, b. Vt, 28 Jun 1896; d. 10 Apr 1952; at home, 1916-45, MF Paper Co

Amelio Isaac (Emilio Isadoro) "Amie" Bonie, b. Readsboro, Vt, 5 May 1899; d. 2 Aug 1999, bur Ivy Lawn Memorial Park, Ventura, Calif; at home, 1920, laborer in tool shop; 1930, machinist in tool shop; Ogden, Utah, 1940-62, salesman; Ojai, Calif, 1975, salesman

Edward James Bonie, b. Monroe, Mass, 20 Nov 1901; d. TF, Montague, Mass, 26 Aug 1983; TFHS; at home, 1920-27, laborer in tool shop, MF Co; 1930, telegrapher on railroad; tel opr, North Adams, Mass, 1940-45; Millers Falls, 1963, B&MRR, retiring aft 48 yrs in 1971

Anna A Bonie, b. Mass, 4 Feb 1903; d. Spfd, Mass, 2 Aug 1996; bur St Mary's Cem, TFalls; m. 1935, Raymond P Strauss, d. 1972; at home, 1920; TFHS, 1921; Farren Mem Hosp School, 1924; at home, 1930, private nurse; Spfd, Mass, 1944; 2 sons, i.e. Robert & John

Fred Percy Greenough

Fred Percy Greenough, son of William A & Abbie Rebecca (Chute) Greenough, was born Kingsport, Nova Scotia, 15 Apr 1881, and died as of Turners Falls, Mass, Nov 1969. He married, 1944, Susan Lodge McCabe, public school nurse of Turners Falls, born England, 1880, died Montague, as of Turners Falls, 15 Apr 1963. They are buried Highland Cemetery, Millers Falls, Mass.

Fred was enumerated at home in Montague, Mass, 1910, with his father, both house carpenters. His mother had died in Newton, Mass in 1904. Fred was listed as carpenter in 1913, his father as jobber. In 1916, Fred was listed as carpenter and his sister Ruth Eliza Greenough (1895-1993) was listed as stenographer at The Art Stone Company. She would soon marry Charles Stotz. He was listed on Prospect St, Millers Falls, 1918, as woodworker at the artificial stone company. He was enumerated with his sister Josephine Gladys Greenough, who had married George J Stotz, in Millers Falls, Montague in 1920, as pattern maker at the Art Stone Co factory. He was enumerated in Millers Falls with his dad and sister Josephine in 1930, as general carpenter. He was enumerated in Turners Falls in 1935-40, as pattern maker, art stone plant. He was listed in Turners Falls, 1942 with the Art Stone Co [sic].

Bertrand C Lillie

Bertrand C Lillie, son of Joseph & Cora (Clark) Lillie, was born Barre, Mass, 7 Dec 1876, and died Greenfield, Mass, 28 Sep 1952, following a long illness. As gardener of Greenfield, he married there, 4 Jan 1900[MVR], Margaret Agnes Canavan, domestic of Greenfield, daughter of Patrick & Bridget (McDermott) Canavan (or of Frank & Helen (Rallings) Canavan), born Ireland (or Centreville, Ct), 20 Nov 1879, died Greenfield, as of Millers Falls, Mass, 11 May 1961. Both are buried Highland Cemetery, Millers Falls, Montague, Mass.

They were listed or enumerated at Dry Hill, Montague, 1904-06, he a farmer; Wendell Rd, Montague, 1910, farmer; Dry Hill, Montague, 1913, farmer; Millers Falls, Erving, 1916, stone cutter; 1918, foreman cement works, Art Stone Co; Erving, 1920-30, foreman and stone cutter at Art Stone Co works; Greenfield, Mass, 1930-40, no occupation listed, but Margaret had the care of 5 state wards in 1940. She continued to reside with brother-in-law Ralph Lillie in Greenfield and moved back to Millers Falls, Erving with him

Children:

Evelyn Idella Lillie, b. Montague, 11 Sep 1900; d. Turners Falls, Montague, 22 Feb 1976; m. 1918, Thomas J McLaughlin, b. 1899, d. 1972; MF, Erving, 1920-63; 3 c

Burton E Lillie, b. Montague, 25 Aug 1903; d. there, 12 Jan 1912

Dora M Lillie, b. Montague, 23 Jan 1907; d. Leeds, Nhm, Mass, 22 Jun 1993; m. Harry Montplaisir, d. 1961; m(2) Paul Balise, d. 1978; Northampton, Mass, 1952; nurse; 2 sons

Bernard Joseph Lillie, b. Montague, 28 Apr 1913; d. 1 Apr 1984; m. Gfd, Mass, 1936, Lucille A Fregau, b. 29 Oct 1915, d. 30 Sep 1986; Gfd, 1940; Middlesex, NJ, 1952; Gfd, Mass, 1957, recruiting ofr; Fort Dix, NJ, 1961

George Albert Lillie, b. Erving, Mass, 1914; d. as of Frazier Park, Calif, 29 Apr 1994; USN, 1934-54; Hollydale, Calif, 1952-61; Frazier Park, Calif, 1993

Ralph Edward Lillie, son of Joseph & Cora (Clark) Lillie, was born Northfield, Mass, 27 Feb 1881, and died Greenfield as of Millers Falls, Mass, 25 June 1960, buried Highland Cemetery, Millers Falls, Montague, Mass

Ralph was listed or enumerated at home, Montague, 1900, teamster; 1904-13, laborer; Millers Falls, Montague, Mass, 1913, 1916, employed at Art Stone Co; Erving, Mass, 1918, assembly mechanic at Millers Falls tool Co, and sick w/appendicitis; with brother Bertrand in Erving, 1920, driller at Millers Falls tool shop; with brother, Greenfield, Mass, 1940, laborer for USDA; 1942-51, employed GTD. He moved back to Millers Falls, Erving at the end of 1959. He was single.

Samuel Frederick Monroe, son of Willis R & Estelle B (Miller) Monroe, was born Cos Cob, Ct, 23 Mar 1887, and died Trenton, NJ, 18 May 1956. As teacher of Cos Cob, he married, Malden, Mass, 23 Aug 1913, Edith Marion James, clerk of Malden, daughter of William H & Nellie V (Pottle) James. She was a 1908 graduate of Smith College.

Samuel was at Amherst College 1905-08 anyway and apparently graduated from same. He was in the employ of the Art Stone Co, Millers Falls, Mass by Jan 1911 for one year when he took a similar position in his home town of Cos Cob, Ct. He left that employ within a year and was teaching in 1913. By 1917 he was teaching high school in Youngstown, Ohio, where he was still in 1920, moving to Trenton, NJ by 1930.

The Regali Family

Anaeleto Regali died by 1919. He married, Annunziala Mazzoni, sister of Giovanni Mazzoni of Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, born Italy, about 1852, died Montague, Mass, 1930. Annunziata emigrated from Lucca with her son Giuseppe, departing Genoa on the *SS Taormina*, arriving 7 Sep 1919 with a Holyoke, Mass destination. She was enumerated with her son Clem in Holyoke, Mass in 1920. She was enumerated with her son Noe in Turners Falls, Mass, 1930.

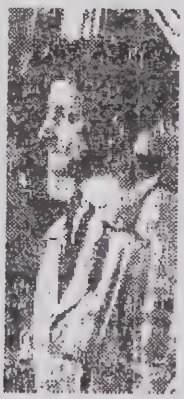
Children:

Noe Regali, b. Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 1 Nov 1888; d. Montague, Mass, 17 Oct 1972 +

Clem (Clemis /Clement) Regali, b. Toscana, Italy, 13 Jan 1891; d. Montague, Mass, 20 Jan 1965, bur Calvary Cem, Holyoke, Mass; m. 1913, Zaira / Sarah Equi, dau of Chris Equi, b. Italy, abt 1889, d. TFalls, as of Federal St, Millers Falls, Montague, Mass, 30 May 1938; reportedly arrived in Montague, Mass in 1906; he was in Holyoke, Mass, 1917, emp as a clerk; 1920, mgr of a fruit store; Orange, Mass, 1928; Gfd, Mass, 1930-33, molder in the Art Stone Co shop; Millers Falls, Mass, 1934-38; Gfd, Mass, 1940, w/bro Joseph, molder; he was proprietor of the Sahara Bar, 27 Main St, Millers Falls, Mass, 1942-45, living still in Gfd; "Our fountain service and light lunches are unequalled, real Italian spaghetti;" he was emp there in 1948, when it was known as Equi's, Spanish Garden, still lvg w/bro Joseph in Gfd; TFalls, 1950, propr of Buick Taxi; by 1953 he was emp at his bro Noe's Architectural Stone Co, and, res on 4th St, TFalls

Joseph (Giuseppe) Regali, b. Fornaci di Barga, Italy, 28 Jul 1893; d. Gfd, Mass, 22 Dec 1982 +

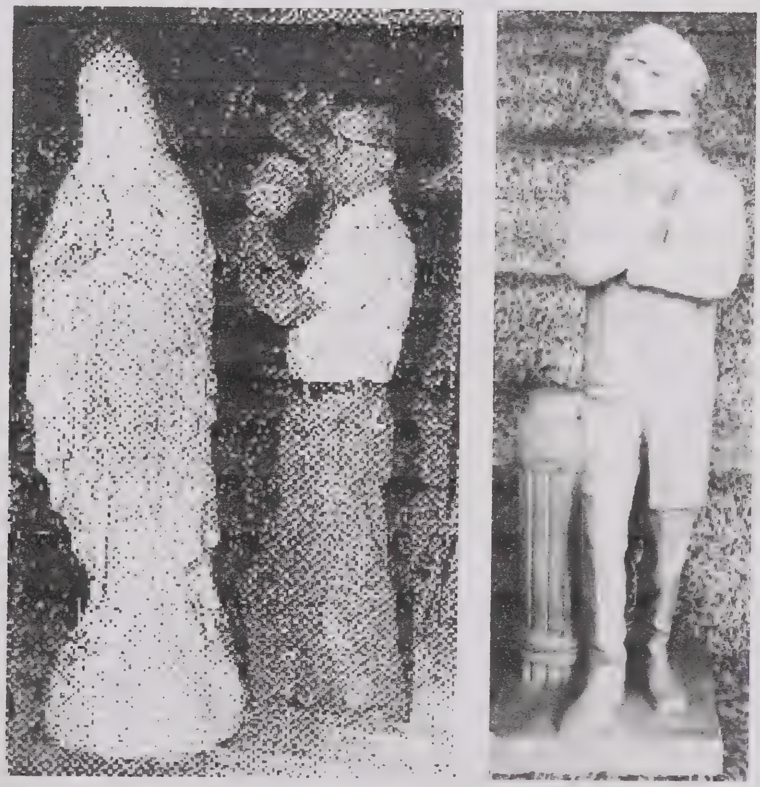
Noe Regali, son of Anaeleto & Annunziata (Mazzoni) Regali, was born in Fornaci de Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 1 Nov 1888, and died Farren Memorial Hospital, Montague, Mass, 17 Oct 1972. He married, Montague, 1922, Jennie Togneri of L Street, Turners Falls, daughter of Peter Togneri, born Fornaci di Barga, Italy, 17 Aug 1894, died Greenfield, as of 10 Crocker Ave, Turners Falls, 19 Feb 1978. They are buried St Mary's Cemetery, Turners Falls.



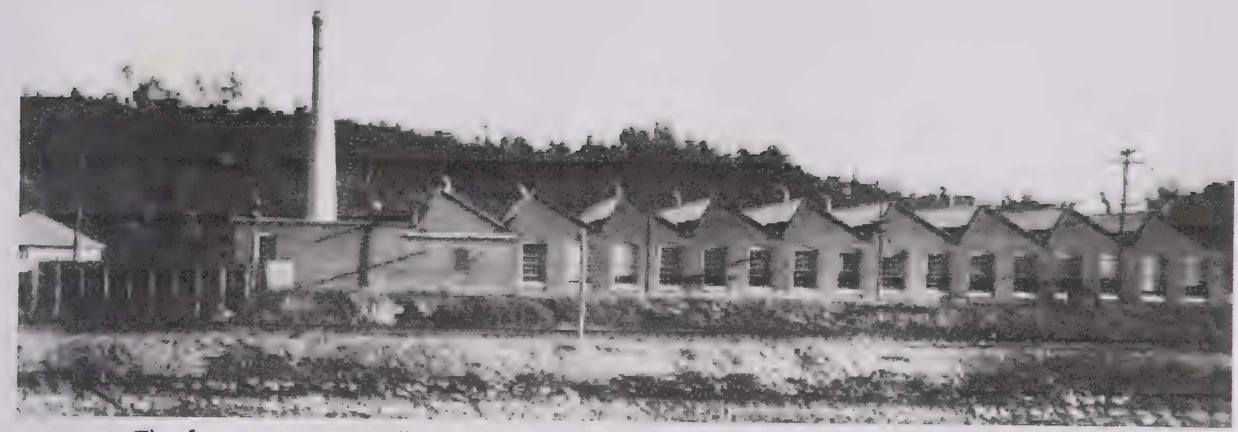
Noe first arrived in New York on 14 May 1904. He went to work for the Art Stone Co in Millers Falls, Mass, about 1911. He was listed in Turners Falls, 1917, as sculptor at the Greenfield Art Stone Co [sic], Millers Falls, Mass. He petitioned for naturalization in 1918 and served in the US Army during World War I, 1918-19. He was enumerated as rooming with the Togneri's in Turners Falls, 1920, employed as a "former" at the cement works. He purchased a home on Crocker Ave, Turners Falls, 1927 and was enumerated there in 1930 as sculptor and in 1940 as proprietor. He ran the Architectural Stone Company in Turners Falls for 38 years, from 1933 to 1970. He was on Ch22 TV on 28 Dec 1956 to show how beautiful concrete castings are conceived and executed by his unusual firm. He was listed as president and treasurer in 1963. He lived at 10 Crocker Ave, 1927-72. In July 1970 it was reported that this would be one of the last times the Architectural Stone Co facilities would be used for voting as Noe Regali planned to retire and sell his business by the end of the year. Samples of his sculpturing and painting could then be seen on the walls of the DoHinK booths. Jennie sold their Crocker St place in 1972.

Children:

Gloria Rose Regali, b. 7 May 1923; d. Plymouth, Mass, 7 Apr 1972; m. 1959, Dr Joseph M Keville of Belmont, Mass; she had been her father's secretary



The Blessed Virgin, a St Anne's School statue, 1954; Abraham Lincoln hard plaster statue 21"



The former McLane Silk Mill where Regali ran his Architectural Stone Co, 1933-70.
No longer standing this is approximately where the DPW building is today in Turners Falls

Joseph (Giuseppe) Regali, son of Anaeleto & Annunziata (Mazzoni) Regali, was born in Fornca di Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 28 July 1893, and died Greenfield, Mass, 22 Dec 1982, buried Calvary Cemetery. As of Holyoke, Mass, he married Northampton, Mass, 1922, Ophelia Victoria Albertina Buratti, daughter of Charles / Carlo & Claudia (Canale) Buratti, born Northampton, 16 Oct 1895, died Greenfield, 1963, age 67

The Buratti's had worked in the silk mills in Northampton, Mass. Joseph was an Italian veteran of World War I. He arrived here with his mother in 1919, but was not seen with her in Holyoke, Mass in 1920, though he was reportedly in that place to 1922 anyway. He may have been in Montague, Mass in 1924. He was in Orange, Mass, 1926, as clerk. He went to Greenfield Mass, the following year and was enumerated there in 1930 as pattern maker at the Art Stone shop. He was a millwright at GTD in 1933 and retired from there as a maintenance foreman in 1961. He also served as president of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island Moose Association.

Children:

Vera Claudia Regali, b. Montague, Mass, 10 Jun 1924; d. Gfd, as of TFalls, 10 Jun 1987; bur Calvary Cem, Gfd; m. Gfd, 1955, George Henry Kenney, Jr; div'd; exec secr at Lunt Silversmith, 44 yrs

Shirely Inez Regali, b. Gfd, Mass, 29 Nov 1929; m. Earl W Osgood; Casselberry, Fla

Janice Catherine Regali, b. Gfd, 26 Sep 1933; m. Edward Jessie Weeden, Jr; Gfd, Mass

John J Teahan

John Jeremiah Teahan, son of John & Mary (Shea) Teahan, was born Amherst, Mass, 19 Jan 1887, and died Erving, Mass, 20 May 1941. As iron moulder of Montague, Mass, he married there, 16 May 1911, Anna Amelia Richards, box maker of Erving, Mass, daughter of Oliver A & Delia A (Sears) Richards, born Erving, 11 Sep 1892, died 7 June 1942

John was enumerated at home in Millers Falls, Montague, 1910, as labor at the paper mill. His iron moulding in 1911 may have been with the Art Stone Co. In any event, he was soon a moulder for the Art Stone Co and was so until 1930 anyway. In 1940, he, his wife and son were all employed at the paper mill.

Children:

Richard John Teahan, b. Millers Falls, Montague, Mass, 30 Jun 1912; d. Gfd, Mass, 25 Apr 1988

The Togneri Family

Peter (Pietro Cammillo Adelino) Togneri, son of Giovanni Pasquale & Maria Assunta Filomena (Rigali) Togneri, was born Loppia, Fornaci Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 10 Nov 1870, and died there, 18 Jan 1932, buried Lucca. He married, about 1893, Rosina Lasano, born Italy, about 1871, died Montgaue, Mass, 1924.

Peter first immigrated about 1905 and most of the rest of the family arrived on 12 Apr 1907. They were enumerated on L Street, Turners Falls, Mass, 1910, Peter as an odd jobs stone mason. At that time, six of their nine children were living. And then they would have one more. He was listed at 185 L Street, 1916, as employed in Millers Falls, They were enumerated on L Street in 1920, he as foreman at cement works, and in 1930, he as stone mason at Art Stone. He worked for that company in Millers Falls and lastly in Greenfield for probably twenty years. He went home to Italy in September 1931 in hopes to regain his health.

Children:

Jennie Togneri, b. Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Italy, 17 Aug 1894; d.19 Feb 1978; m. 1922, Noe Regali; she was enum at home, 1910, clerk in candy store; 1917-21, emp 74 Ave A

John Peter Togneri, b. Italy, 12 Apr 1896; d. TFalls, 22 Oct 1982; m. Helen K Koskuva, dau of Richard & Mary (Qualters) Koskuva, b. Boston, Mass, 1903, d. TFalls, 25 Oct 1936; they bur St Mary's Cem; Montague, Mass; m(2) Laura D Kruger, d. Montague, 11 Oct 1973; he came over in 1905; at home, 1916-17, emp MFalls; 1919-21, plumber for Geo Starbuck & Son; he was a licensed

plumber who was later emp by JB Kennedy and Geo V Corsiglia; played baseball from age 14 into his 70's, for a dozen different local places

Children:

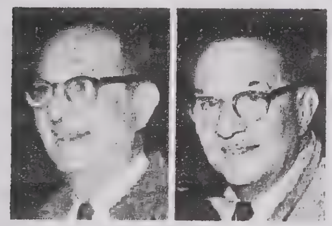
John Peter Togneri, Jr, b. TFalls, 29 Aug 1924; d. Spfd, as of Longmeadow, Mass, 22 Jun 2015

Francis Charles Togneri, b. 4 Jun 1926; d. Gfd, 27 Feb 2010

Rose Marie Togneri, b. TFalls, 11 Aug 1929; d. Gfd, 4 Sep 2011; m. Raymond J Zukowski, Sr

Pierina Togneri, b. Italy, 1 Jan 1901; d. Apr 1986; m. Montague, Mass, 1926, Anthony W Rigali, s of Albert & Mary (-) Rigali, b. Granville NY, 31 Dec 1905, d. 1984; Granville, NY, 1930, 1940; Niskayuna, NY, 1978; Colonie, NY, 1979

Angelo M Togneri, b. Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Italy, 28 Nov 1902; d. Cambridge, as of Belmont, Mass, 27 Jan 1979; m. Boston, Mass, 1934, Frances Bany, dau of John S & Ray (Axe) Bany; at home, 1921-23, emp MFalls; 1925-33, student, in Boston, Mass, by 1929, art student; grad MFA school; Boston, 1934-40, art teacher; rem to Belmont, Mass, where he had taught at Belmont Hill School since 1925 and well into the 1960s; 1 son



Charles Togneri, b. Italy, abt 1906; at home, 1910

Theresa Rose Togneri, b. Montague, Mass, 4 Nov 1908; d. as of Scarsdale, NY, 25 Jul 1997; m. 1935, Wilfred D Kiley; Gfd, Mass, 1940; Scarsdale, NY, 1979

Edward Peter Togneri, b. Mass, 14 May 1911; d. Holyoke, Mass, 26 Feb 1997; m. Elizabeth Taylor; Boston, Mass, 1935; the latter yr he copyrighted the words and melody to "Please forgive a fool;" Turners Falls, Mass, 1940, art teacher; US Army, 1942-45; URI, 1948, BS; RISDE, 1951, BFA UMass Dartmouth, prof and chair of Fine Arts dept, 1952-82; noted painter; moved to Holyoke, Mass, 1994

Louis (Cesare Luigi Alberto) Togneri, son of Giovanni Pasquale & Francesca (Mondini) Togneri, was born Loppia, Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 26 Oct 1876, and died 29 Jan 1951. As of E Livermore, Maine, he married, 12 May 1901, Menichina Maria Domenica Assunta Irene Cesira "Maggie" Gonella of Boston, Mass, born Loppia, Fornaci di Barga, Lucca, Toscana, Italy, 12 Sep 1873, died at home, 18 Cedar St, Greenfield, Mass, 25 June 1961. They are buried Calvary Cemetery, Greenfield

Louis arrived in New York on 28 Mar 1900, as a tradesman or mechanic from Fornaci di Barga, Italy, headed for Boston, Mass. He was soon of E Livermore, Me. He was enumerated in Jay, Me, 1910 and

1920, as beater man in a pulp factory of the International Paper Co. They lived in the village of Chisholm. They reportedly moved to Greenfield in 19121. They were living at 17 Franklin St, Greenfield, Mass, by 1926-27, he then employed at the M F Stone Works, so-called. He was enumerated and listed at 18 Cedar St, Greenfield, 1930-33, as patcher at the Art Stone Co; laborer, 1934-41; retired by 1944

Children:

John (Giovanni) Natalino Togneri, b. Me, 16 Dec 1902; d. Jensen Beach, Fla, 10 Jan 1973; m. by 1928, Ursula M Smith/Dorsey; at home, Gfd, Mass, 1927, emp Art Stone Co; Erving, Mass, 1930, cement worker at Art Stone Cor; 1940, repair man; 1943-45, carpenter; Gfd, 1956, carpenter; 1957, construction foreman; Jensen Beach, Fla, 1961

Joseph (Giuseppe) S Togneri, b. Chisholm, Jay, Me, 30 Jul 1904; d. Gfd, Mass, 1 Jul 1986, bur Calvary Cem, Gfd; m. Jeanette __; m. 1942, Yvonne M Roberge; b. 1903, d. 1988; emp Art Stone Co, 1927; 1930-33, laborer there; laborer, 1934 ; Main St,Gfd, 1935; clerk Shelburne Falls, Jeannette, a hairdresser at Ann's Beauty Shop; at home, 1936-40, emp MFCo; Conway St, 1945, inspector at MF Co; Chapman St, 1951-63, inspector MF Co; 1 dau

Leo (Lionello) O Togneri, b. Jay, Me, 9 Dec 1905; d. Gfd, 27 Nov 1987; m. Aleanza M Lucarelli; emp M F Stone Works, so-called, 1926-27; Art Stone Co, 1930-33, molder; 1934, laborer; res Wells St, 1935-36, laborer; Dfd St, 1938-45, att and then mgr at JC Cerrato; Aleanza emp Eastern Textile; 19 Cedar St, 1951-63, Leo's Esso Service Station; later and Amoco station, retiring in 1974; 1 dau

William (Ghughielmo) A Togneri, b. Me, 3 Apr 1907; d. Jay, Me, 27 Mar 1921, of osteo-sarcoma

Charles (Carlo) Albert Togneri, b. Chisholm, Jay, Me, 17 Feb 1909; d. Gfd, Mass, 22 May 1983; m. 1936, Hazel Irene Sharkey, d. 18 Dec 1984; both bur Calvary Cem, Gfd; emp Art Stone Co, 1930, laborer; emp Wayside Market, 1932-39; emp MFalls Co, 1940; res Long Ave, 1936; Conway St, 1937; Western Ave, 1939-40; Beech St, 1945-63, asst foreman at MF Co; retired 1974; 2 c

Antonio Togneri, b. Jay, Me, 13 Dec 1910; d. there, 11 Jan 1912

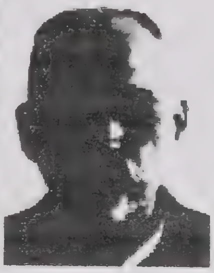
Mary (Ermenia) Elizabeth Togneri, b. Jay, Me, 29 Dec 1912; d. Ellsworth, Me, 18 Feb 1992; m. aft 1945, Joseph L Luchini; at home, Gfd, 1933-37, stenographer; emp Spfd, 1939; GTD, 1940-45; Ellsworth, Me, 1961

Eugene (Geno) Albert Togneri, b. Chisholm, Jay, Me, 15 Oct 1915; d. Gfd, 23 Mar 1996; m. Mary L DiSotto; at home, 1934, emp Postal Telegraph Co; at home, no occ, 1935-37; WMECO, 1939-40; US Army, 1944-45; WMECO, 1951-76; Livermore Falls, Me, 1983; no c

Frank Orin Wells

Frank Orin Wells, son of Elisha & Lucina (Lilly) Wells, was born Shelburne Falls, Mass, 6 Jan 1855, and died Greenfield, 23 June 1935. He married Alice L Graves of Whatley, Mass, daughter of Lucius & Lydia

Dickinson (Dodge) Graves who died in 1891, and Caroline Dutton, a teacher of Springfield, Mass, and a native of Randolph, Vt, who died in 1940. They are buried in Green River Cemetery, Greenfield, Mass.



Frank O Wells was principally known for his association with the tap an die industry in Greenfield, his father early associated with the trade here as a salesman for Wiley & Russell. Frank was known as an inventor as well as head of the Wells Bros. He and his brother Fred and their father left Wiley & Russell to start Wells Bros in 1876, later Wells Bros & Co and then Wells Bros Co. Besides taps and dies they added machinery for farriers, blacksmiths and wheelwrights. Fred left the company with his son to form F E Wells & Son Co in 1900 and in 1912, Wells Bros Co was bought out by Greenfield Tap & Die. He was also a gardening hobbyist, president of the Franklin County Agricultural Society, built the Weldon Hotel in Greenfield in 1905, rejoined his brother in Wells Tap & Die, or Wells Tool Co, and a number of other important things. It appears to be little reported that he was also president of The Art Stone Co in 1916.

Frederick Elisha Wells

Frederick Elisha Wells, son of Elisha & Lucina (Lilly) Wells, was born Buckland, Mass, 5 May 1844, and died 13 Feb 1936. He married, Frances Maria Cowles of Greenfield, a native of Amherst, Mass, daughter of Erastus & Eliza A (Ward) Cowles, died 1930. They are buried Green River Cemetery. As described above, Fred was engaged with brother at an early time in the tap and died industry. It is also reported that he was director and president of the Greenfield Electric Light Co, vice president of the Franklin Savings Institution, fuel administrator during the War, and president of the Wells Tool Co at 106 Hope St. He had worked early on his father's farm and blacksmith shop, as a bookkeeper for Lamson, Goodnow & Yale in Windsor, Vt, in farming, as a cutlery manufacturer with his father near Shelburne Falls, and as a first paper mill proprietor in Colrain. He then went to bookkeeping for Wiley & Russell in Greenfield and was soon its treasurer. He then formed Wells Bros with his father and brother, first on Hope St, then Mill St, and then Sanderson St. His own company, FE Wells & Son was on Riddell St in 1900, selling to GTD in 1916. He was also an inventor a passive president of Goodell-Pratt, organized the Greenfield Machine Co and the Automatic Machine Co, and kept a fruit farm in Shelburne. Again, it is little mentioned that in 1909, he was also apparently president of the Greenfield Artificial Stone Co.

Some Employees of The Art Stone Co:

1906 Manning Directory
Greenfield
Irving L Bartlettt, mgr Greenfield Artificial Stone Co, res Weldon Hotel

1910 Federal Census

Millers Falls, Montague

Irene M Berard, 20, Mass, stone co, stenographer

Felix McCue, 20, Mass, cement shop, laborer

Greenfield

Irving L Bartlett, 33, Mass, stone plant manager

1913 Manning Directory

Millers Falls, Montague

Anton Angermann, Art Store [sic] Co, bds Erving side

I L Bartlett, mgr of Art Stone Co, res Gfd

Irene M Berard, stenographer at Art Stone Co

John Bonie, Art Stone Co

James Breslin, Art Stone Co

Frederick P Greenwood, Art Stone Co

Ralph Lillie, Art Stone Co

Louie Mann, Art Stone Co

Daniel G Ormsbee, Art Stone Co, res Erving side

James Teahan, 2nd, husb of Anna, Art Stone Co

Joseph Verrier, Art Stone Co, res Gfd

1916 Manning Directory:

Millers Falls, Montague

Anton Angermann, Art Stone Co, res Erving side

I L Bartlett, mgr of Art Stone Co, res Gfd

John Bonie, Art Stone Co

James Breslin, Art Stone Co

William Connors, Art Stone Co

Frank Gastras, Art Stone Co

Thomas Gordon, Art Stone Co

Mrs Irene [Berard] Gould, stenographer for Art Stone Co

Ruth E Greenough, ditto

David LaMountain, Art Stone Co

Ralph Lillie, Art Stone Co

Kilbert O T Madden, Art Stone Co

William Nightingale, Art Stone Co, res Erving side

Daniel G Ormsbee, Art Stone Co

Louis Richards, Art Stone Co

Albert J Smith, draftsman for Art Stone Co

Arthur E Soper, Art Stone Co

John Teahan, Art Stone Co

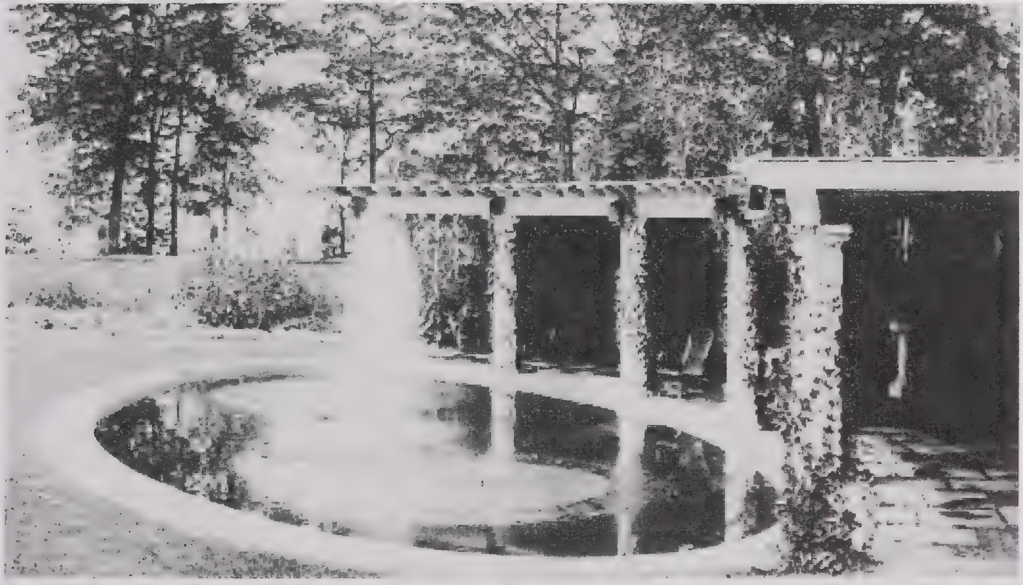
Robert D Thompson, Art Stone Co

1920 Federal Census:
Millers Falls, Montague residents
John Teahan, 32, Ireland, moulder
Francis F Fowler, 29, Mass, moulder
Raymond Gould, 27, Mass, laborer
Arthur C Soper, 32, Mass, carpenter
Fred Greenough, 38, Nova Scotia, pattern maker
John Jones, 55, Italian Austria, moulder
Joseph Galvas, 30, Poland, laborer
Mike Narynok, 26. Polish Austria, laborer
Alexander Makrawc, 37, Poland, laborer
Erving residents
Bertrand C Lillie, 42, Mass, foreman
Anthony Eiserman, 25, Austria, pattern maker

1926 Manning Directory
Millers Falls, Montague
Anton Angermann, Art Stone Co
Art Stone Co, I L Bartlett, mgr,5 Highland Ave[sic]
Irving L Bartlett, pres, treas, mgr, Art Stone Co, res Gfd
Irving L Bartlett, Jr, vp, Art Stone Co, res Gfd
Richard G Bartlett, supt, Art Stone Co, res Gfd
John Bonie, Art Stone Co
Edgar C Brigham, Art Stone Co
Joseph F Cafarella, Art Stone Co, res Erving side
Francis Driscoll, Art Stone Co
Joseph Galvas, Art Stone Co
Alex F Hook, Art Stone Co, res Erving side
Bertram C Lillie, stonecutter
Ralph Lillie, Art Stone Co
Thomas J McLaughlin, Art Stone Co
Felix Sokoloski, Art Stone Co, res Erving side
Sylvester Sokoloski, Art Stone Co, Erving side
John Teahan, Art Stone Co
Robert D Thompson, Art Stone Co
Leo Togneri, MF Stone Works
Louis Togneri, MF Stone Works
Stanley Wasilewski, Art Stone Co

1930 Federal Census:

Greenfield residents
Louis Togneri, 52, Italy, patcher
Joseph Togneri, 25, Maine, laborer
Leo O Togneri, 24, Maine, moulder
Charles A Togneri, 21, Maine, laborer
Clement Regali, 39, Italy, moulder
Joseph Regali, 36, Italy, pattern maker
Turners Falls, Montague residents
Edward Weismann, 42, Mass, laborer
John Weismann, 46, Mass, moulder
Millers Falls, Montague residents
Anton Angerman, 45, Bavaria, pattern maker
Edgar C Brigham, 62, Mass, fireman
Millers Falls, Erving residents
John Togneri, 25, Maine, cement worker
Andrew Thompson, 50, mason
John J Teahan, 43, moulder
William B Driscoll, 53, moulder
Francis E Driscoll, 21, laborer
Christian Koonz, 58, pattern maker
Margaret Coogan, 23, bookkeeper
Thomas J McLaughlin, 41, moulder
Ralph E Lillie, 49, foreman
Bertrand C Lillie, 53, foreman
Walter Smith, 67, laborer
Lillian G Phelps, 20, stenographer
Axel Hooke, 66, pattern maker
John Niedewicz, 20, cement worker
Walter Dembek, 18, cement mixer
Louis Savino, 29, stone cutter
Felix Sokoloski, 56, cement worker



CONCRETE POTTERY

GARDEN FURNITURE

The Art Stone Company

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL STONEWORK

FOR BUILDINGS.

Millers Falls, Mass., Dec. 26, 1928.

Frank Duley,
Chairman Preston Tablet Committee,
Northfield, Mass.

Re: Tablet

Dear Sir:

The model for the above job is ready for your approval. Will you kindly come down sometime this week as we would like to cast next week.

Yours truly,

THE ART STONE CO.

R. G. Bartlett, Supt.

R. G. Bartlett
L.O.

RGB/LGP

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

CONCRETE POTTERY GARDEN FURNITURE

…The Art Stone Company…

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL STONEWORK
FOR BUILDINGS.

Millers Falls, Mass., Jan. 8, 1929.

Frank Duley,
Chairman Preston Tablet Committee,
Northfield, Mass.

Dear Sir:

As yet we have not heard from you as to the distance from the face of the plaster back to the brick work and wish to remind you it in case you had forgotten.

Yours truly,

THE ART STONE CO.

R. G. Bartlett, Supt.

R. G. Bartlett
L.P.

RGB/LGP

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NORTHFIELD, MASS.

10 January 1929

Art Stone Company
Millers Falls
Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

Your letter of the eighth received. The depth of the plaster from the face to the brick work is $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

I was obliged to be away from my office for a few days, hence the delay in sending this information.

Yours very truly,

FLD/M

STAPLES

Manufactured for
Staples the Office Superstore, LLC
500 Staples Drive
Framingham, MA 01702 USA

Made in Mexico

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